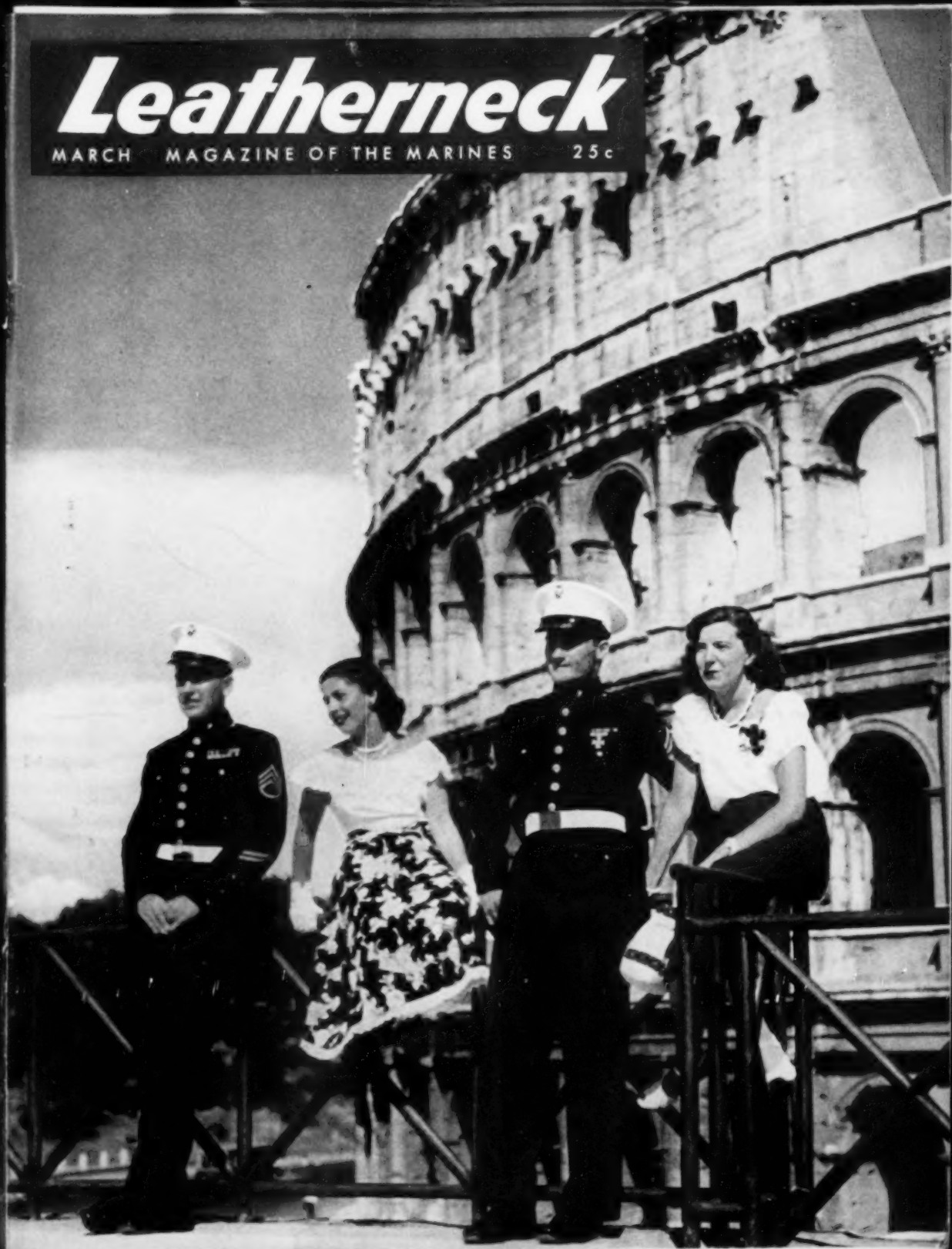


# *Leatherneck*

MARCH MAGAZINE OF THE MARINES

25c





# Payday

## AT THE BLOOD BANK



Our ARMED FORCES  
need your BLOOD.  
Contact your local  
RED CROSS TODAY!

From the home towns of America to the battle zones of Korea, our "Flying Lifeline" spans the Pacific ... precious pints of critically needed whole blood and plasma are speeded to our wounded combat forces via the Military Air Transport Service; then in a matter of hours ... in Fairchild C-119 Packets to the front lines.

This is only one of the many top priority military cargoes flown by the rugged, battle-tested C-119 "Flying Boxcars," the mainspring of our mobile Armed Forces, airlifting everything from medical supplies and tanks, to pontoons and paratroopers. Whatever is needed, wherever it's needed, Fairchild's "Flying Boxcars" can and are delivering the goods!



ENGINE AND AIRPLANE CORPORATION

# FAIRCHILD

*Aircraft Division*

Hagerstown, Md., Chicago, Ill.

OTHER DIVISIONS: ENGINE, GUIDED MISSILES AND STRATOS DIVISIONS, FARMINGDALE, N. Y.



Surveys in Marine Bases Prove...

# MARINES

Prefer

# KIWI

(Kee-Wee)

**38 to 1** Over the Second  
Brand Of  
SHOE POLISH

**BRIGHTER SHINES  
WITH 1/2 THE RUBBING**

• COVERS UP SCUFF MARKS AND GIVES SHOES RICHER COLOR

Those figures—"38 to 1"—are no mere claim...no guesswork...no exaggeration! In independent surveys at Marine bases, Marines were asked—"Which brand of shoe polish do you prefer?" The answer was staggering. *Marines prefer KIWI 38 to 1 over the second brand!*

Of course there's a reason. Everybody knows that a Marine is the most particular guy in the world about his shoe shine. So no wonder Marines go for those brighter shines with half the rubbing!

And KIWI's sparkling "parade

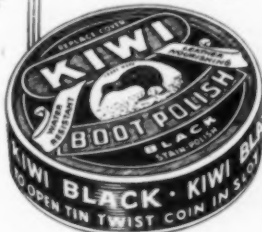
shines" last and last...a quick brush-up brings the shine back again and again. That's because KIWI uses the finest imported waxes that money can buy. And its costly stain dyes cover up unsightly scuff marks and keep shoes fresh and new-looking.

If you are not yet one of the "38 to 1," try KIWI just once! We'll bet you'll never use any other shoe polish! Comes in a full selection of colors. Black, Tan, Brown, Dark Tan, Mid Tan, Cordovan, Oxblood, Blue, Mahogany, Neutral. Get KIWI today.



## Leathernecks Made KIWI Famous

Marines first discovered KIWI in England and Australia. Returning home, they spread the fame of those unforgettable KIWI "parade shines"—and new users flocked to KIWI by the thousands. Today the fastest-growing shoe polish in America is KIWI.



Ask Any  
Marine About

**KIWI**  
Shoe Polish

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## THE LEATHERNECK, MARCH, 1952

VOLUME XXXV, NUMBER 3

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## SOUND OFF

Edited by  
TSgt. Elmer Ill

### THE WALLA WALLA

Editor:

Do the 4th Marines publish the "Walla Walla" any more? This was the weekly publication of the 4th Marines, M.C.E.F., Shanghai, China in 1929-1930 and 1931. I was a member of Service Company with Captain Thod T. Taylor, USMC, Commanding. Colonel C. H. Lyman, USMC, was the Regimental Commander and Captain Clifton B. Cates, the past Commandant, was Commanding Officer of Headquarters Company.

Thanks,

Milburn C. Creecy

512 So. Waccamaw Ave.

Columbia, S. C.

● The last Walla Walla on file in Historical Section, HQMC, is an issue dated November 8, 1941.—Ed.

### USCG OFFICER TRAINING

Dear Sir:

I am writing a question a Marine in Korea would like to have answered.

After having served as an active Reserve in Korea for 11 months, can a man switch to the Coast Guard Officer Training?

Respectfully yours,

A. McKay

2728 East 13th St.

Brooklyn 35, N. Y.

● Briefly, the answer is yes. Your friend can find the complete answer to his question in Chapter 10271 of the Marine Corps Manual.—Ed.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 4)

### THIS MONTH'S COVER . . .

THE Colosseum, fabulous battleground of early Roman gladiators, forms a backdrop for a Marine liberty party in Rome, Italy. The Marines are part of the American Embassy Security Guard in Rome. Kodachrome by MSgt. James Galloway, USMC.

No heap big medicine talk.

# Old Gold

cures just one thing:

The World's  
Best Tobacco

This is the honest-Injun story, not just our say-so: No other leading cigarette is less irritating, or easier on the throat, or contains less nicotine than Old Gold. This conclusion was established on evidence by the United States Government.



For a Treat instead of a Treatment

**OLD GOLDS**



He-Man Aroma That  
"WOWS" the Ladies!

**Helps Heal Tiny Razor Nicks, Too!**

Keep Presentable Longer!  
**CLEANER, SMOOTHER SHAVES** with  
*No Burning! No Stinging!*

**MORE DOCTORS Who Specialize in Skin Care  
USE MENNEN BRUSHLESS Than All Other Brands Combined!**



## [continued from page 2]

Following is a letter pertaining to the *Leatherneck's* recently announced contest for Rifle Marksmanship. The contest is based on the Annual Qualification Scores achieved by U. S. Marines.

Awards are to be made quarterly and annually. Competition is open to all enlisted men in the Corps, except members of the *Leatherneck* staff and Marines who have one or more legs towards Distinguished Marksman.—Ed.

One civilian criticism of the services is that the military is filled with inflexible minded, thick headed people who are incapable of accepting new ways and new concepts. I find that I am thick headed: logistics be damned, a rifle should be individual property, a career companion. Boots who shoot high expert should be given a star gauge M-1. Discontinuing extra rifle pay was a mistake.

May I suggest that efforts be made to make Marines feel that the contest is a *personal* thing. Too often, a picture appears of a contest winner who is made to seem a nebulous person. The majority of Marines feel that it never could've happened to them in the first place. Perhaps, even at the risk of lowering the amount of individual awards, winners should be many. Marines must be able to say, "I know the guy that won the fifty bucks, he couldn't even get his arm under the piece. I would've out-shot him if it hadn't been so cold. I hope I fire in July next year."

A winner's record book should reflect his feat. Ask succeeding Commanding Officers to publish the fact that "Gizmo, who joined our company last week, was a quarterly winner of — dollars in the 1952 rifle qualification contest. The award money was presented to Gizmo by General Puller."

Forty-five hundred dollars! A sum that staggers the imagination... more than a Captain makes in a year. If money is the required incentive, the contest will be an unqualified success.

Very respectfully,  
Dewey Maltese  
Captain, USMCR

USS Mountrail (APA-213)  
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

(Continued on page 4)



# AT BATTLE STATIONS... WITH THE NAVY NOW!

When calls came for tactical air support in Korea, the day after hostilities started, Douglas-built AD4 Skyraiders were on the job. From their battle stations on U.S. carriers, they flew into combat against North Korean ground troops.

Ready in quantity to meet the immediate need—with versatility to serve as day or night bombers, aircraft early warning, or for anti-submarine work...that's the Skyraider story.

Now in production at Douglas is an even

more versatile member of the AD series. It's the AD5, which can be modified for use as a 6-place transport, 12-place evacuation ship, photographic plane, litter carrier, long-range bomber, attack bomber, or radar-equipped "eyes of the fleet."

Because it *does* take both time and money to produce good airplanes, Douglas works far ahead on design and development so when the call to battle stations comes, the planes will be there. Douglas Aircraft Company, Inc.

**Depend on**

**DOUGLAS**



**First in Aviation**

Skilled engineers and technicians  
are needed at Douglas  
...a good place to work.

WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDER OF AIRCRAFT FOR 32 YEARS — MILITARY AND COMMERCIAL TRANSPORTS  
FIGHTERS — ATTACK PLANES — BOMBERS — GUIDED MISSILES — ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT — RESEARCH



## why zip, zip, zip when one zip does it!

Carry a Zippo and get a light the first time—every time! One zip and Zippo is lit—even in wind or rain. And—Zippo offers you FREE mechanical repair service! Ask your Ships Service Store how you can get a Zippo engraved with your name or message in your own handwriting!

# ZIPPO

the one-zip  
windproof lighter

© 1953 Zippo Manufacturing Company, Bradford, Pa.

## SOUND OFF

[continued from page 4]

### CAN I COME BACK?

Sir:

I was in the Volunteer Reserves and was called back to active duty September 29, 1950. I served until March 29, 1951, when, because of a hardship to my wife and family I received an honorable discharge. The reason written down for discharge says dependency.

At the time I didn't want to be discharged but just released to inactive duty to care for my family and then be recalled when our trouble was over. As it turned out, the only way I could get out was to accept the dependency discharge.

Things are all right now and I know the Marine Corps needs men in the Reserves again. I want to know if I can again be put in the Inactive Reserves. I have had four years active duty and three and one half years in the Reserves. I just don't like the idea of being out of the Corps completely. So if you could tell me whether I can come back in or not I would appreciate it.

If I can get back in is there any way I can regain the corporal's warrant I had coming to me? I qualified for it

at Camp Lejeune when I passed the GMST. It just so happened that my discharge came through before my warrant. I know all that is in my record book but I was just wondering. You see it has been a long fight for me to make corporal and I sure hated to lose it. You can understand, I'm sure.

Name withheld by request

● It is possible for you to re-enlist in the Inactive Reserves. However, you will be appointed to the rank held on discharge—and you will have to start all over again as far as time in grade is concerned. If you passed the GMST for promotion to corporal, you needn't take it again.—Ed.

### TEN YEARS AGAIN

Dear Editor:

Is it true that a Marine Regular is involuntarily put in the Inactive Reserve for a period of ten years?

Most of "B" Company, 1st Engineer Bn., First Marine Division thinks so, but I don't. I hope you don't disappoint me.

Sincerely,

PFC A. J. Della Volpe  
"B" Co., 1st Eng Bn.  
1st Mar Div.

FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● Cheer up. Regulars are never placed in the Inactive Reserve unless they so desire.—Ed.



Leatherneck Magazine

## ROLLING HOME

Dear Sir:

I'm only one of a large number of career Marines who tried to beat the gouging landlords and the waiting lists for quarters at most posts by buying my own trailer. Now I find out, after investing nearly four thousand bucks, that the Corps won't help me to help myself.

If another staff NCO gets transferred, even overseas, the Corps will crate and ship his household effects for him if housing is available. "Housing" includes any chicken coop he might be lucky enough to get forty miles from Camp Lejeune for only a hundred bucks a month rent. But the Corps won't even allow me mileage for moving my trailer within the States, or provide me with a decent place to park it on a post after I get there.



There's a waiting list for the handful of spaces available for private trailers at Lejeune and what spaces there are, are jammed with the government-owned relics of World War II. That's the only one I know of.

You might say "tough—nobody promised you housing in your enlistment contract". That's true, but most of us figured we had a right to expect quarters after we got to be staff NCOs. Now we know better.

But couldn't the Corps at least bear a hand till more quarters are built by:

(1) Shipping trailers overseas like any other household effects (things in a trailer are "crated" already)?

(2) Allow as much for hauling a trailer to a new station as it would cost to crate and ship household effects?

(3) Provide enough and decent parking areas on the post for Trailer owners with water, sewage, and electrical connections?

Playgrounds for the kids and fences and things like that even could be provided at less cost than building quarters for those who take their own quarters with them.

Name withheld by request

● Leatherneck does not say "tough", Sergeant; we think you have a good point there. Tradition has long established that a married Staff NCO could normally expect quarters on the post within a reasonable period after a transfer. Perhaps other readers will have some comments.—Ed.

TURN PAGE



## Taking a break? For extra enjoyment chew swell-tasting WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM

Yes, that little stick of Wrigley's Spearmint is a "break-time" favorite among servicemen everywhere. Its lively flavor really satisfies your yen for "something good," and the pleasant chewing

freshens your taste, moistens mouth and throat—even gives you a bit of a lift! Enjoy some Wrigley's Spearmint Gum today. Pick up a pack next trip to the PX.

Keep a  
Package  
in Your  
Pocket



AE69

INSURANCE AT COST  
No War Clause!

Government Personnel  
Mutual Life Insurance Company

(AN OLD LINE LEGAL RESERVE COMPANY)

Members share in savings! Restricted to Armed Services Personnel and their dependents. Write for complete details.

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SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

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A. M. Bolognese  
& Sons

TAILOR AND HABERDASHER  
QUANTICO, VA.

Enlisted Blues, complete, and shirts, pants, ties, covers and emblems available for immediate delivery.

Uniforms made to measure. Delivery time ranges from three to thirty days.

***You'll Love 'Em Both!***



for a lot more shine  
in a lot less time

**LANOLIZE**  
your shoes with  
**ESQUIRE**



**BOOT POLISH**

...it's easier  
it's speedier

PRODUCT OF KNOMARK MFG. CO., INC. • 330 WYTHE AVENUE, BROOKLYN 11, N. Y.

## SOUND OFF (cont.)

### FARTHEST RECRUITING SIGN

Gentlemen:

Master Sergeant Hammond may have the **HIGHEST** recruiting sign in the Corps (as mentioned in *We-The Marines* in the October 1951 *Leatherneck*), but this company claims it beats the whole Division of Recruiting for having the sign **FARTHEST** from Headquarters Marine Corps, despite our unofficial recruiting status.



Painted by Corporal David A. Jacobson, the sign is placed to attract the attention of passing Army men. The photo was taken by Major Eero Nori, Battalion Executive Officer. We do not know how many prospective enlistments we have influenced.

Lynn H. Knapp  
1stLt., USMC  
A.S.Co., 1stMTBn  
1stMarDiv.

FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● Yours is the most distant recruiting sign reported to date.—Ed.

### WHERE WAS HE SHOT?

Dear Sir:

A friend and I are having an argument. Maybe you can settle it for us.

He says that in the movie "Sands of Iwo Jima" the sniper that shot John Wayne was in front of him and shot him in the chest. I say the sniper was in back of him and shot him in the back.

So could you please tell me which one is right?

Yours truly,

James Reeves  
Dunham Hospital

Cincinnati, Ohio

● Our recollection is that Mr. Wayne was "shot" through the back.—Ed.

### CRANE OPERATOR

Dear Sir:

A man told me he learned to operate a Northwest Crane in four hours.

What have the Engineers got to say

in regard to this and should the guy get a medal?

Name withheld by request

● The Engineers give your friend the benefit of the doubt by saying that it is possible to learn how to operate crane levers in a short length of time. However, the Power Shovel and Crane Course at the Engineer School, Camp Lejeune, N.C. is an eight week course of approximately 300 hours.—Ed.

#### INDEFINITE ENLISTMENT

Dear Sir:

I am a Reserve serving under an Indefinite Enlistment Contract. The question I have is: if at the expiration of my present active tour of duty (release date, March 1, 1952) and I so desire, can I secure a discharge? If a discharge is unavailable, how long will I be obligated to serve as an Inactive Reserve?

I will appreciate an answer at your earliest possible convenience.

Sincerely,

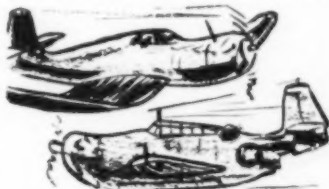
SSgt. M. S. Brown  
VMF 223, MAG-14, MCAS  
Cherry Point, N. C.

● According to present legislation, you cannot be discharged from your Inactive Reserve status. As your enlistment contract states, you are serving for an indefinite period. Termination of the present emergency will undoubtedly govern your date of discharge.—Ed.

#### WRONG PLANE

Dear Editor:

Although I have never received the *Leatherneck* by subscription, I am a great lover of this magazine and manage to read most all the issues. I usually purchase it at our local drug stores and through my organization. Sometimes I am inclined to believe *Leatherneck* will make a mistake deliberately.



The plane flying cover for Marines during operation Lantflex on page 64 upper left (We-The Marines) of the January, 1952 issue, I believe is a TBF or the later version TBM.

Surely all Marines can recognize our old reliable F4U.

Respectfully,

TSgt. W. W. Lindsey  
Marine Corps Schools  
Quantico, Va.

TURN PAGE

USE BRAD'S  
CONVENIENT  
PAYMENT PLAN!

TOPS in QUALITY—LOWEST in PRICE  
**MAST-I-CAST**  
SOLID 10K GOLD SERVICE RINGS

THE FINEST  
U.S.M.C. RINGS AT ANY PRICE  
PRICED TO OFFER THE WORLD'S  
GREATEST INSIGNIA RING VALUE!

Never in the glorious history of the Marine Corps has Pride of Service—and Pride of Unit affiliation been more keenly felt—nor been more truly justified. And today we feel more keenly than ever, the responsibility of making our rings truly exemplify the high traditions of service and sacrifice they symbolize.

**MAST-I-CAST**



**MAST-I-CAST**



**MAST-I-CAST**



**MAST-I-CAST**



**MAST-I-CAST**

**MAST-I-CAST**

**MAST-I-CAST**

GOLD ENCRUSTED  
U.S.M.C. DIVISIONS  
PSM 207D: "MAST-I-CAST" 10K Solid Yellow Gold U.S.M.C. Ring with Divisional Insignia hand encrusted in gold on "Lifetime" Synthetic Ruby—Blue Sapphire OR Birthstone. (Be sure to specify stone and Division desired.)

**\$39.75**

Cash—OR—\$19.75  
Down—\$10.00 Monthly

GOLD ENCRUSTED  
U. S. MARINE CORPS  
INITIAL RING  
PSM 208N: "MAST-I-CAST" 10K Solid Yellow Gold U.S.M.C. Ring with wearer's initial hand encrusted in gold on "Lifetime" Synthetic Ruby—Blue Sapphire OR Birthstone. (Be sure to specify stone and Initial desired.)

**\$33.75**

Cash—OR—\$13.75  
Down—\$10.00 Monthly

GOLD ENCRUSTED  
U. S. MARINE CORPS  
FRATERNAL RING  
PSM 209F: Prized for presentations to Marine Corps Brothers, 10K Solid Yellow Gold, U.S.M.C. Ring with authentic emblem of any order hand encrusted in gold. Available in "Lifetime" Synthetic Ruby or Blue Sapphire or wearer's Birthstone. (Specify stone desired and emblem.)

**\$42.50**

Cash—OR—\$15.50  
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GENUINE DIAMOND SET  
BLACK ONYX TOP  
14K GOLD U.S.M.C. RING  
PSM 210G: A combination of a U.S.M.C. Ring and a fine girl's Diamond Ring. Solid 14K Yellow Gold specially hand finished. Genuine Black Onyx top set with a fiery brilliant genuine Diamond. For those who want the finest U.S.M.C. Ring ever made, for personal wear or presentation!

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FREE  
GIFT  
GUIDE  
Send your name for Brad's handy pocket size personal GIFT GUIDE offering other outstanding values in NATIONALLY ADVERTISED DIAMONDS, WATCHES, SILVERWARE, and DIGNIFIED CREDIT TERMS IF DESIRED.

*Service Rings*  
Dedicated to  
**PRIDE OF SERVICE**



SOLID 10K GOLD  
"LIFETIME" SYNTHETIC  
RUBY OR BLUE SAPPHIRE

PSM-211B: A ring members of the Corps will wear with pride! Sharpness and fidelity of detail possible only by the perfected "MAST-I-CAST" process. 10K Yellow Gold with choice of "Lifetime" Synthetic Ruby OR Blue Sapphire. (For Birthstone add only \$2.00). LIFETIME GUARANTEE  
**\$24.95**  
ON COMPLETE RING!  
Cash—OR—\$9.95 Down—\$7.50 Monthly



SOLID YELLOW GOLD

PSM 212G: This ring is especially designed to withstand hard wear in the field. There is no "hollow" centre (no hole) to collect grime, grease or dust. As constructed, it is a solid "one-piece" ring struck from steel dies, in heavy 10K Solid Yellow Gold. The Divisional "patch" tops are perfect replicas in miniature, hand enamelled in authentic colors and guaranteed to "stand up" for life. Available for all active Divisions or of course with regular U.S.M.C. top. (Specify Division desired.)  
**\$33.75**  
Cash—OR—\$13.75 Down—\$10.00 Monthly

"Key of Honor" Pendant

PSK 214: An exquisitely designed pendant to be worn by Mothers, Sweethearts, Sisters and Wives who are as proud of the Marine Corps as you are—and proud of you too. Made in 10K Solid Yellow Gold with regular Marine Corps Insignia centre OR ANY DIVISIONAL Patch (specify choice). Complete with gold neck chain—gift boxed.  
**\$24.75**  
Cash—OR—\$9.75 Down  
\$3.00 Monthly

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JEWELERS OF BROOKLYN, INC.

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Since 1918  
186 JORALEMON ST.  
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**OUTSTANDING DIAMOND VALUES**  
WE MOUNT OUR OWN PERFECT-CUT DIAMONDS! YOU SAVE THE MIDDLEMAN'S PROFIT!  
COMPARE OUR VALUES! COMPARE OUR QUALITY! NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR CREDIT.  
30-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

NS-100-14K Yellow or White Gold. 1 sparkling diamond in engagement ring. Wedding band skillfully engraved. \$45 cash, or \$20 down, \$7 monthly.



**BOTH RINGS \$95**  
 NV104-14K White and Yellow Gold. Engagement ring set with perfect-cut diamonds. Both rings engraved. \$95 each or \$18.00 down, \$6 month



**BOTH RINGS \$120**  
 NV501-14K Yellow or White Gold. Perfect diamond in engagement ring. Wedding ring engraved. \$120 cash, or \$10 down, \$16.00 monthly.



V500-14K White or Yellow  
old. Brilliant center dia  
mond and 2 matched sid  
e diamonds in engagemen  
ring. Five fine diamonds in  
wedding ring. \$825 cash, a



NS1101-10K. Yellow Co  
Banded gold initial on Gen  
ine Orys top. \$24.75 ea  
or \$8.75 dozen. \$5 month



NS1207 - Smart diamond ring. 14K Yellow Gold. Set with a fiery diamond. \$11 cash, or \$35 down, \$15 mo.



Gold ring with large brilliant-cut diamond. Masterpiece of craftsmanship. \$175 cash, \$70 down, \$21 monthly.



**V1412**—Massive, artistic  
designed 14K gold ring with  
surguous, perfect-cut dia-  
mond. A gem to be treasured.



cash, or \$15.75 down, \$6 monthly.



NV1402-17 Jewels. 14K Natural gold color  
\$43.75 cash, or \$11.75 down, \$6 month



SS2001—Heavy 100  
yellow gold Crucifix  
Cross with 101



DEPT. NV101

487 Flatbush Ext., Brooklyn 9, N. Y.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12)



# Sky lines



Edited by MSgt. Fred G. Braitsch, Jr.



The hull of the Gruman Albatross has been redesigned to accept a broad, flat ski which is retractable. Floats also have outrigger skis

Chrysler Corporation's aircraft defense assignments started to roll recently with the delivery of the first completed 60-foot hull for the Gruman Albatross, a triphibian plane suited for operation on snow and ice as well as land and water.

Assembly of the first hull for the giant amphibious air-sea rescue plane was completed by the Plymouth Division plant at Evansville, Ind. only five months after the Chrysler Corporation started work on the defense assignment. In addition, the Plymouth plant has already completed and shipped several Albatross hull-assemblies for final assembly by Gruman at Bethpage, Long Island.

The Albatross hull being built by Plymouth measures 60 feet long, eight feet wide and 12 feet high. It weighs approximately 45,000 pounds, with a gross weight of 6000 pounds when packed for shipping to final assembly.

The hull consists of nine major and several smaller sub-assemblies, made up of about 6000 individual parts, all of which are to be fabricated at the Evansville plant.

\*\*\*

The Navy has selected the Pratt & Whitney Aircraft T34 Turbo-Wasp for installation in two Lockheed R70-1's in a program designed to test turbo-prop-powered transport aircraft. The R70-1 is the Navy version of the new Super Constellation commercial transport.

Four P&WA T34 turbo-prop engines will replace the four Wright R-3350 compound engines which are ordinarily installed in the R70-1.

The P&WA turbo-prop engines will give the two test R70-1's a greater payload and a considerable increase in cruising speed over the present production versions. The turbo-prop powered R70-1's will have a payload of 35,000 pounds and a long-range cruising speed of 394 mph at an altitude of 25,000 feet.

One of the turbo-prop powered R70-1's will be assigned to the Naval Air Test Center, Patuxent River, Maryland, for demonstration purposes and Navy tests. The other will remain at Lockheed for continued development testing.

The Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics has been pushing the development of turbo-prop engines in an effort to develop a small powerplant that will give its aircraft good takeoff performance, speed and range with economical fuel consumption. It chose the Lockheed R70-1 for the turbo-prop installations because it was the Navy transport which would require the minimum amount of modification to take the new type of powerplant.

The Turbo-Wasp is a simple, single unit, axial-flow gas turbine engine which delivers power both to the propeller at the front of the engine and by jet thrust through a tailpipe at the rear. About 90 percent of the engine's power is delivered to the propeller shaft, the remainder in jet thrust.

## ATTENTION, ALL LEATHERNECKS!

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## SOUND OFF

[continued from page 10]

### LETTERS TO MISS McALLISTER

Dear Kathleen:

I was very interested in your letter in "Sound Off" concerning your desire to join the Marine Corps. Your main problem seems to be your concern over your reputation. Yet, as Pfc Ries told you in her reply, "If you do in the Marine Corps, as you did at home," you will have the respect of the men you choose as friends.

Don't rush out now and join though. Kathleen, read the rest of my letter and then give your problem deep consideration. In fact you should, in my opinion, give it a few years of consideration. You are only seventeen, and have plenty of time to be a Marine.

You say you want to serve your country? Well, there are many ways to serve your country besides wearing a uniform. After you graduate from high school, why not go to college, get a government job, or work in some other civilian capacity for a few years

until you have gained the experience and maturity necessary to be of real service to any organization?

Pfc Ries says you "have much to gain". Well, at your age Kathleen, I don't believe you have anything to gain. Enjoy your youth at home with your family and friends, accept some responsibility in your community, such as volunteer charity work, and then in a few years if you still feel your vocation is in the service, "JOIN".

When you do join the Marines, you will become a part of one of the most highly renowned fighting organizations in the world. You will become one among thousands, living away from home, doing a routine job, being governed by volumes of rules and regulations, accepting the orders of those of higher rank than you and the living conditions of the station to which you are assigned.

When you reach your duty station you will realize this is to be your home. If your living quarters are drab and unattractive, you will have to accept it for YOU chose this way of life to do your part. Your leisure hours will be much the same as in your community. Movies, bowling, dancing, hobby work, are all offered on the station. As

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 79)



Leatherneck Magazine

# HILL 749

by Corporal Louis Jobst

Marine Corps Combat Correspondent

**Y**OU'RE tired. Every muscle cries for rest. You aren't thinking any longer. You left a lot behind when you started up this slope behind your "walking" mortar barrage. All you remember now is that it has been a very long day. Resting behind a little rise near the crest of the hill, you catch your breath and wait for "the word."

Four times the company assaulted this hill. Did it really take four times to capture this, you wonder?

The objective, Hill 749, is secured now. No use looking back. That part is over.

Down the line the word is passed, "Dig in against a possible counter-attack." Entrenching tools cut into the hillside. You wonder, "What would the gooks want this place for? Haven't they had enough yet?" But you dig your hole fast and deep.

The outfit is five hours by trail from the supply point. The lieutenant asks: "What do you want—water, ammo or chow?" Everyone agrees: "Ammo up!"

Now the darkness deepens. Small talk ebbs and stops. Shells click into their chambers and in the ominous quiet you can hear the safety locks click off.

No one says the enemy is creeping closer. No one needs to. Everyone knows that they are.

It is 0100 when suddenly flares light up the horizon. A systematic attack is on. First come the feelers. They inch up the slope through the shadows. Now, they're here. Spasmodic rifle shots rip into your lines. They say: "Commit yourselves, Marines. We're here and in larger number than you."

No results. No flashing Marine rifle gives away the position.

Then comes the charge, up the slope comes a wave of enemy. Gunners sit behind their sights. In a foxhole one Marine aims his rifle

and another pulls the pin out of a grenade. Flares fly up, a bugle sounds and you can see the enemy and hear his loud shrieks.

The hill is covered with the enemy like ants. Machine guns, BARs and grenades join in the chorus of resistance. The action is a series of individual dramas.

To each man it's a different story, a different picture. To one it is the wisp of machine gun fire across the front of his hole, to another it is the rumble of enemy mortar fire.

To some it is the buddy who roams behind the foxhole, standing up in the semi-darkness shouting encouragement and firing his Browning into the surging enemy tide.

To others it's kneeling in a pile of cartridges and firing flares. But on Hill 749 it's a team of Marines who throw back the enemy. Not once or twice, but five times. It's a team schooled on discipline and accuracy, unified to repel the attackers.

It's a very impersonal thing, this defense of the hill. At the moment it's stand or die. You prefer to stand—and you do!

Night changes into day. Of this forgotten hill in Korea many tales will be told; of heroes, of men who fought here against the enemy and held the hill because they were told to stand.

With the first gray light of dawn, you survey the night's results. It is easy to sweep the slope and the valley with your eyes and see that this hill was taken and held for good purpose.

Strwn down the grade and across the valley are the enemy dead. You congratulate yourselves that these North Koreans will never fight against you, your company, or your country again.

And on the other side of this hill is another ridge.

END

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# GRIFFIN

BOOT POLISH



Mrs. Margaret B. Griffith, 4143 Nordica St., San Diego, 13, Calif., mother of Corp. Joseph M. Griffith, reported killed in Korea, wishes to contact the MSgt. from Quantico who wrote to her concerning her son.

Former Marine Jack D. Hughes, 1538 South 2nd St., Ironton, Ohio, would like to hear from buddies of Platoon 16, 2nd Bn., MCRD, San Diego.

Former Marine Roger Wentz, 422 W. Harvey, Wellington, Kans., would like to hear from buddies of Platoon 16, 2nd Bn., MCRD, San Diego.

Corp. Robert E. Neale, "C" Btry., 1st 4.5 Rocket Bn., 11th Marines, 1st Mar. Div., C/O FPO San Francisco, Calif., would like to contact Pfc David Simpkins of San Jose, Calif., or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. K. B. Wyman, 2739 Spruce, Kansas City, Mo., wish to hear from buddies of their son, Marine Kenneth L. Wyman, "I" Co., 3rd Bn., 5th Marines, 1st Mar. Div., reported missing in action since Dec. 2, 1950, in Korea.

Former Marine E. E. Smalling, 912 N. Washington St., Albuquerque, N.M., wishes to locate J. E. Smith, a Parris Island DI in 1944-45.

Pfc J. E. Doyle, Marine Helicopter Trans. Sqdn., 161, C/O FPO, San Francisco, Calif., would like to contact Pfc Buddy Barrett or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

D. J. "Doc" Card, DT2, USN, Dental Dept., Ship's Co., U.S. Naval Receiving Station, Seattle, Wash., a former Corporal, wishes to hear from Marine buddies.

Pfc Wallace P. Wright, Platoon 405, 2nd Bn., MCRD, San Diego, Calif., would like to get in touch with Corp. Alfred (Battler) Chenczcki of Pontiac, Mich., or anyone knowing his present whereabouts.

Pfc Richard A. Carlson, "A" Co., 1st Bn., 2nd Inf. Regt., T&R Comd., Camp Pendleton, Oceanside, Calif., would like to contact Pfc Robert I. Hollandsworth of Orlando, Fla., or anyone knowing his present whereabouts.

Former Marine W. H. Haffner, 217 Van Buren St., Topeka, Kans., wishes to contact oldtimers who served with the Marine Detachment aboard the battleship USS NEW JERSEY in 1909-10. He would also like to hear from anyone named Haffner.

William R. Smith, Carrick Ave., Rear 8359, Pulaski Hwy., Baltimore 6, Md., wishes to contact MSgt. William Tress formerly of "A" Co., 11th Eng. Bn., USMCR (O).

Former Marine Donald V. Cornwell, Box 34, Rolfe, Iowa, wishes to hear from buddies he served with in VMF-218 on Bougainville in 1943-44.

Sgt. John E. Hart, Hq. Co., Hq. Bn., 3rd Marine Brigade, FMF, Camp Pendleton, Oceanside, Calif., wishes to contact Corp. Richard "Ted" Behrens or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

Mrs. E. J. Lyons, 42 Brighton St., Rochester 7, N.Y., would like to hear from anyone who served with her nephew, John A. Adams, killed in the Southwest Pacific in 1944.

Sgt. Robert C. Mayville, 4th Rct. Trn. Bn., MCRD, Parris Island, S.C., wishes to contact Corp. N. E. Moore and Pfc E. J. Guter formerly of "H" Co., 3rd Bn., 1st Marines, 1st Mar. Div.

Miss Cora Watters, Buena Vista, Ohio, would like to hear from Marine Louis Hoeble or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

Miss Lorraine Gring, 18 De Haven Ave., Pennell, Pa., wishes to hear from Pfc John C. Hernandez or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

SSgt. C. W. Counts, Repro. Section, H&S Bn., FMF, PAC, C/O FPO San Francisco, Calif., wishes to contact Sgt. Johnny Martinez or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

Former Marine Hank C. Van Andel, 595 Oak Ave., Muskegon, Mich., wishes to hear from Howard G. Bryant of Floyd's Knobs, Ind., or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

Pfc David L. Clayton, Anglo Div., N.G.F., 1st Sig. Bn., 1st Mar. Div., FMF, C/O FPO San Francisco, Calif., would like to hear from Pfc Don Van Dusen or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

Miss Joan Kern, 737 4th Ave., Marion, Iowa, would like to contact Pfc Robert W. Brown or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 76)

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# PANMUNJOM

Photos and Story by  
MSgt. Fred Braitsch, Jr.

Leatherneck Staff



Small groups of correspondents from both sides huddle outside of the main truce tent

On a tiny square of land, protected from air attack by barrage balloons, UN and Red delegates strive for peace



UN guards keep newsmen away during actual discussion period

**W**E stood in huddled groups on a tiny plot of land in a North Korean valley. The brittle stillness of expectancy was broken from time to time by muffled rumbles of artillery barrages on a nearby hill. We were cold; we were eager; we were restless.

Back in the States people were recovering from the Christmas holiday, sweeping up bits of tinsel, putting away

greeting cards which might have said, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

December 27, 1951; and the world waited for a belated Christmas present—peace in Korea.

We waited, too.

We watched the tents where the Communist and UN delegates were meeting on the last day of a 30-day deadlock. The words being spoken in those tents could mean the difference between an armistice and the continued flow of blood in the field. We hoped that the announcement from those tents would silence the guns of war.

But that announcement never came.

December 27, 1951, was just another day in the records of the Panmunjom parley.

But in the conference tents that day the UN was striving to break down the firm stand held by the Reds on two points; the supervision of the armistice and cease fire, and the arrangements relating to prisoners of war.

The supervisory organization which will carry out the terms of the cease-fire and armistice, and the concrete arrangements for the realization of a cease fire are of primary importance, for they can mean the difference between a recurrence of hostilities and a lasting peace. The UN wants a fair and just supervision—one that will prevent a surprise attack from either side. The Reds are one-sided on this issue. They agree that we should limit ourselves on military potentials but demand the right to increase their own potential.



North Korean sentries are on duty on Red side of talk area

The North Korean airfield is a military facility. With good airfields in the north the Reds could fly aircraft in from Manchuria at a later date, refuel them, and strike at nearby Allied forces.

The Communists propose to weaken the UN Forces by limiting the replacement of men and materiel in the present UN armored might. The Reds want no new aircraft, weapons or vehicles brought in to replace worn

**TURN PAGE**



Senior UN delegate, Rear Admiral R. Libby, travels to talks via 'copter

# PANMUNJOM (cont.)



Major General Hsieh Fang, CCF, Red spokesman on the airfield problem, used a 1949 Ford to travel back and forth to Panmunjom



NK General Lee Sang Jo is top Red at POW discussions

out equipment, and would allow only a limited rotation of battle-weary troops. Our forces would be weakened by attrition. In little time our military capabilities would dwindle dangerously because of these restrictions which the Reds wish to impose upon us. It is, of course, impossible for the UN to accept this one-sided proposal. The United Nations Command cannot place itself in a situation where it will be unable to protect itself and its commitments.

Rear Admiral R. E. Libby, USN, discussed the prisoner of war question with Major General Lee Sang Jo of the Korean Peoples' Army. Admiral Libby demanded an accounting of the 50,000 persons captured by the Reds and omitted from the Communist POW list submitted to the UN on December 18, 1951. The UN wants the return or

a detailed account of every one of its individuals who has disappeared behind the "Bamboo Curtain."

Admiral Libby questioned General Lee Sang Jo with carefully worded phrases. He wanted to know if the Reds held any prisoners in China and whether any UN personnel was being held in an internee status. The North Korean general replied that all their POWs were being held in Korea and that none were retained in an internee status. The UN then continued to seek information on the 50,000 POWs admittedly held by the Reds but not listed by them on their POW list.

Previously, the Communists admitted that they had taken more than 65,000 prisoners during the first nine months of the war. The Communist list of December 18, 1951, listed only 11,500 names. The UN was highly dis-

pleased with this list. They are determined to find out what happened to the other 50,000 persons, most of them South Koreans.

On December 24, 1951, the UN handed the Reds a list of nearly 1000 names of persons they knew the Reds had held prisoner at one time. These names were obtained by monitoring Red radio broadcasts, by checking listings in Communist newspapers, by scanning letters from the POWs to their families through the International Red Cross, and by delving into confidential sources. A few days later, the Reds returned information on 725 of those listed. The information was appalling. Five hundred and seventy had died from illnesses or from air attack or shelling by UN forces while in the process of being taken from the rear area to the POW camps: 152 had escaped; and three had been released. None of the 152 who had escaped nor the three who were released ever reached UN lines. UN spokesman, Brigadier General William P. Nuckols revealed that 450 of those reported to have died behind Communist lines, succumbed after they had either broadcast, written letters, or their names had appeared in Communist publications.

When Admiral Libby asked the Reds why so many of the POWs had died, most of them Americans, General Lee Sang Jo replied with a caustic statement. He attributed their deaths to the fact that the Americans were accustomed to soft living and that they were unable to survive the cold or disease-ridden North Korean land.

## UN press train squats amidst the wreckage of Munsan, Korea





Captain Briggs, USN, and Colonel Murray head for day's talks at Panmunjom. Col. Murray is the sole Marine delegate on the UN staff

He said that the British, French, and Turks, who daily practice voluntary physical exercise, were better able to withstand the rigors of his country. The fate of the large number of South Koreans who had fallen into Red hands was not revealed. However, Admiral Libby has his own ideas. He charged: "The wholesale incorporation of Korean POWs into your army is contrary to the rules of warfare and violates the rights of these men since there is reasonable doubt that the prisoners were free from duress in making this decision."

Repeatedly, the UN has warned the American people not to place too much faith in the Red POW list. Even though a son, husband or loved one is not on the list, all hope should not be given up. He may still be alive. The UN is doing everything possible to get a detailed account on every person who has fallen into Red hands. Until it gets this information, it is impossible for the UN to go on with the task of actually carrying on an intelligent dis-

cussion on the exchange of POWs. When the UN does exchange POWs, it wants to make sure that it gets every one of its people back or an accounting in detail on those who have died. "Until we get satisfactory data," explained Admiral Libby, "we are still looking for 50,000 persons."

When the Reds are asked about these 50,000 persons, they answer with a question. "What has happened to the 44,000 Koreans who were not on the UN list handed to us during the December 18th exchange of POW lists?"

The UN has repeatedly informed the Reds that they have re-classified 37,500 of these Koreans and that they have reported this classification in detail through the International Red Cross at Geneva.

Meanwhile, the debate on airfield reconstruction continues. The exchange of words between the UN and the Communists becomes sharp at times. The statements during the December 27 through January 2 meetings give some insight into what goes on in the closely-

TURN PAGE



Air Force's General H. Turner, UN's delegate at airfield talks

**Admiral Libby—"Until we get satisfactory data, we are still looking for fifty thousand persons."**

# PANMUNJOM (cont.)



side issue." (The UN considered this to be the most important issue of the talks.)

General Turner on December 28: "Did you not say that you would build an airfield? Is that not an increase of your military capabilities?" When he received no answer from the Reds, General Turner reworded his question but the Red replies were the usual evasions.

General Fang: "An independent sovereign state has every right to install facilities and no other country has any right to interfere."

In reference to Allied insistence on limited airfield construction in North Korea General Turner told General Fang, "You will grow old sitting at this conference table waiting for us to remove any part of our principal four."

But a compromise must be met if the talks are to result in a lasting peace for Korea. The UN recognizes this fact and General Turner's statement to General Fang summarizes the basis on which the agreement must be reached: "In any armistice conference where two strong, undefeated forces meet, each side must be able to make some sort of concession. These concessions must

Gen. Nuckols tells UN correspondents little progress has been made in talks

guarded conference tents at Panmunjom.

Air Force General Howard McM. Turner: "You give your solemn promise that you will not increase your air potential; if you are sincere, you should be willing to put it in writing. Lest there be any lingering doubt we will accept your assurances, we wish an agreement in writing."

Major General Hsieh Fang, of the Chinese Peoples' Volunteers: "We refuse to permit any interference in our internal affairs." (This was on the question of rebuilding North Korean airfields.)

The afternoon of December 27, General Turner put these two questions to the Reds and repeated them again the next day:

1. "Do you consider an operational airfield a military capability?"
2. "Do you consider that adding such an airfield increases your capabilities?"

General Fang answered General Turner's questions with the following warning:

"I advise you not to haggle on this



Changing of the UN guard at Panmunjom is a regulation ceremony, impressive in formality

## Deadlock in the peace parley was the result of Red demands for right to rebuild airfields

be mutual. They apply to both sides."

The Korean armistice sessions began on July 10, 1951, when the UN and the Communists met for the first time to discuss a military peace. Since that date the talks have been disrupted by major disagreements and delaying incidents. The meetings began at Kaesong but unfortunate "mishaps" made it advisable to change the site to its present location at Panmunjom. Senior delegates initiated the conferences but as the talks bogged down, the original five points were taken up in sub-committees.

The first indication that the enemy welcomed a chance to talk peace came on June 24, 1951, when the United Nations Soviet representative, Jacob Malik, in a radio broadcast called for a negotiation of a cease-fire in Korea. Malik's offer was accepted by the UN.

The selection of a meeting place was the first obstacle. General Ridgway proposed a Danish hospital ship, anchored in Wonsan harbor. The Reds wouldn't buy this; they offered Kaesong on the 38th parallel. Ridgway agreed. After a meeting of liaison officers which included Marine Colonel

J. C. Murray, the first talks were begun at Kaesong.

The UN delegate, Vice Admiral C. Turner Joy, USN, and the Communist commanders, Korean General Nam Il and Chinese General Tung Hua met at Kaesong and discussed the adoption of a program which would govern the talks. They adopted these five points on July 26, 1951:

1. The adoption of the agenda.
2. The fixing of a truce line between both sides to establish a demilitarized zone as a basic condition for a cessation of hostilities in Korea.

TURN PAGE



Lt. Cols. James C. Murray, USMC, Howard Levie, USA, and Arthur P. Hurr, USA, officers of the UN,

examine the fragments of the bombs which fell near Kaesong and changed the parley site to Panmunjom

Official U. S. Navy Photo

## PANMUNJOM (cont.)

3. Concrete arrangements for the realization of a cease-fire and an armistice in Korea including the composition, authority and function of a supervisory organization for carrying out the terms of cease-fire and armistice.

4. Arrangements relating to prisoners of war.

5. Recommendations to the governments of the countries concerned on both sides.

The adoption of these five points was a beginning, but the UN pointed out: "Mutual acceptance of a program is merely the initial step toward the final goal of a military armistice and the resultant cease-fire, which must be achieved under conditions giving every reasonable assurance against the resumption of hostilities."

With the adoption of the program as a framework for the talks, actual debate began. Discussion centered on the fixing of a military boundary. Four months passed before this point was settled. During these months of wrangling, the talks were called off repeatedly and eventually the site was changed from Kaesong to Panmunjom.

On November 26, 1951, the factions reached an agreement on this item. They concurred that the boundary line would be the line of contact of November 27, 1951, if the UN and the Reds could come to armistice terms within 30 days. If they did not produce an armistice within the time set, the line of contact prior to an "inkling" of an actual armistice would then be the

boundary line. Any gains made during the 30-day period would be given up if an armistice was accomplished. Armistice remained remote. In consequence, the battle for a capital gain in the line was renewed by both sides.

As a basis for the discussion of the cease-fire and armistice, and the supervisory organization to carry out the terms, the UN offered the following principles:

1. There shall be a cease-fire, effective 24 hours after the signing of the armistice, and adhered to by all forces of any type under the control of both sides.

2. There shall be established a supervisory organization, equally and jointly manned by both sides for carrying out the terms of the agreement.

3. There shall be no increase of military forces, supplies, equipment and facilities by either side after the signing of the armistice.

4. The military armistice commission, in carrying out its supervisory functions, shall have free access to all parts of Korea, for itself and for the joint armistice teams responsible to the armistice commission.

5. There shall be a general withdrawal of forces of each side, air, ground and naval, regular and irregular, from the territory controlled by the other side.

6. There shall be no armed forces in the demilitarized zone except as specifically and mutually agreed by both sides.

7. The military commanders should administer their portions of the demilitarized zones in accord with the terms of the military armistice.

During the sub-committee meetings which followed this presentation, the Reds began to tear these principles apart. They objected to the freezing of the size of the military forces in Korea and to the concept of the joint inspection teams by both sides to enforce the armistice. The Reds received a compromise on these two issues but that failed to discourage their determination to rebuild North Korean airfields. They assert that they will rebuild these airfields with or without the UN's consent, but they are biding their time, hoping that the UN will back down on this point.

Concerning replacement of troops and replenishment of equipment, General Fang stated:

"A limit must be placed on the number of high morale troops to replace battle-weary UN troops. Replenishment of military equipment is impossible. Such is the unshakable position of our side!"

But the UN stands firmly on its demands, too:

Said General Nuckols, UN spokesman, during a press conference, "The Reds apparently have mistaken the UN command's offer to compromise as a sign of weakness. They make it clear that they are willing to wait for further concessions. Namely, one main point—the right for them to build up their air capacity during an armistice."

The United Nations Command has compromised on important issues time and again in an effort to reach an agreement with the Reds. On some of the points of the program the Reds have swayed from their stand, on others they have remained resolute.

And while the UN and the Reds deliberate, lock words with each other and strain for that spark which will bring understanding and agreement, Allied and Communist newsmen wait, day after day, in the frigid weather outside the tented conferences and offer their own versions of turning war into peace. A strange quiet hangs over Panmunjom and there are times when it becomes difficult for the correspondents to realize that they are on an island of peace in a war-torn country.

This little 1000-meter world, where the delegates meet to debate the problems of ending the war and maintaining peace, lies on a single road that runs north and south through a peaceful, snow-covered valley. The site is marked off on its four corners by barrage balloons which discourage aircraft from violating the strict neutrality of the area.

On one side of the road are four small Korean huts and several tents; on the other side of the road are the conference tents. The only armed personnel in the area are the UN and Red



Alert North Korean sentries patrol Communist sector of conference area. Truce talks are in session in tents behind enemy soldiers

security guards who stand their watches. Both UN and Red personnel are allowed free access to the neutral area and may travel at will within the balloon-posted square. The only protected zone beyond this neutral area is the road between the base camps and Panmunjom.

Each day, when the conferences end, spokesmen provide the waiting correspondents with a brief summary of the events which transpired during the talks. Munsan and Panmunjom datelines have become as familiar as those of Washington, London and Paris. The stories which emanate from the press train at Munsan and the press tent at Panmunjom have the largest following of readers of any of the news stories in years. Every line is read with hope and anxiety. Nothing is withheld from the newsmen; the world's biggest story is being told to the public as it happens.

While the UN spokesman for the press, General Nuckols, is being questioned by the correspondents, the delegates leave for their base camps; the Reds to Kaesong and the UN delegates to Munsan. The UN senior delegate returns by helicopter, the others by motor car. When the Red delegates leave they can be seen traveling down the road for about a mile and then, suddenly they disappear over the horizon—disappear into the land of mystery behind the bamboo curtain. **END**



Red newsmen, Wilfred Burchett and Alan Winnington, are regular sources of information from behind the iron curtain for UN writers

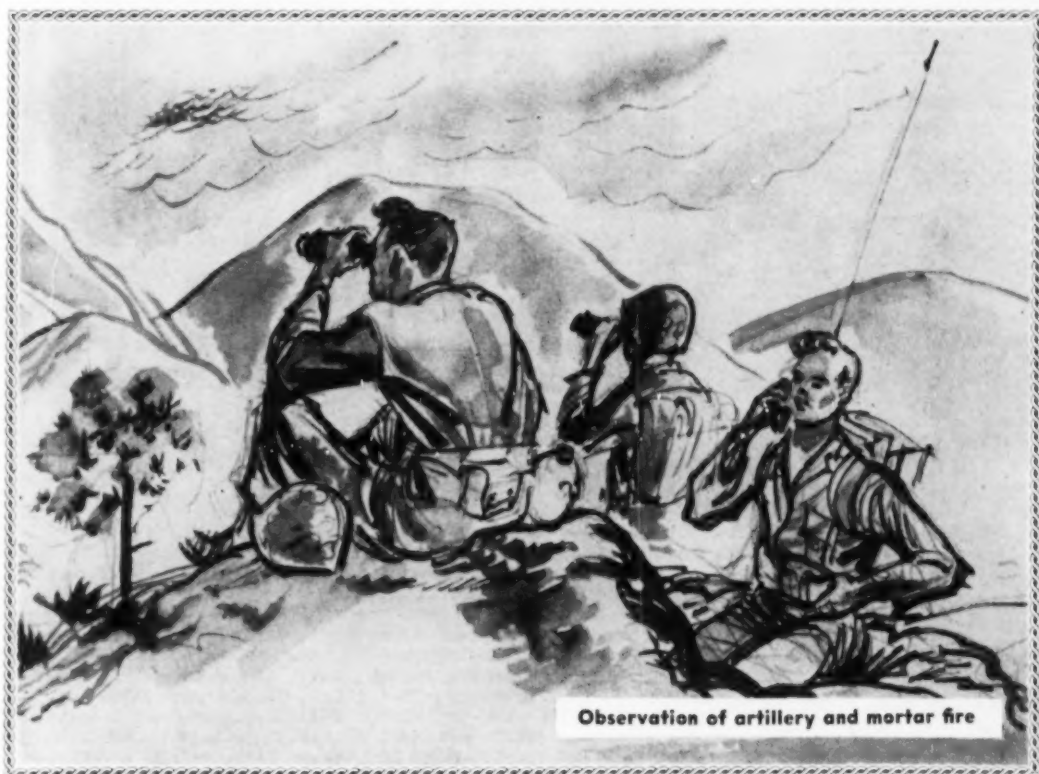


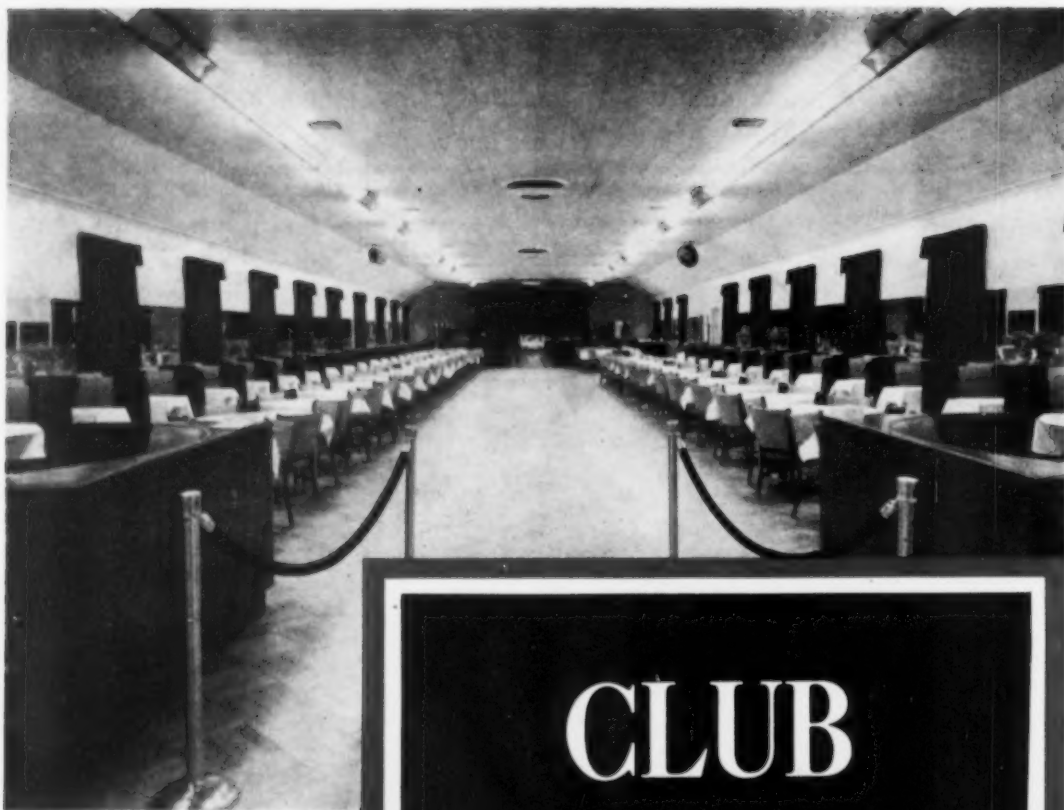
American guards are the only UN personnel who are permitted in the truce area while under arms

# COMBAT ART



**On-the-spot drawings sketched in Korea by  
Marine Master Sergeant John C. DeGrasse**





Mirror room (sans customers) is staff club's main watering point with dancing five nights a week

by TSgt. Robert W. Tallent

Leatherneck Staff Writer

Photos by MSgt. H. B. Wells

Leatherneck Staff Photographer

# CLUB LEJEUNE



**A** WHILE back the members of the Corps' richest Staff Non-Commissioned Officers' Club started grumbling that the premises of their main building were getting a trifle constricted. Things had gone past the elbow rubbing stage and the establishment was fast acquiring the stodgy intimacy of a naval transport. Something had to be done. Their impressive Georgian style brick building, located almost in the center of activity at Hadnot Point, Camp Lejeune, just wasn't large enough, so \$42,000 was appropriated from club funds to enlarge the

structure. One wing was ripped open and a 41-foot extension was added to the club's Mirror Room. Now it's possible for 346 people to party in this one club room.

While work progressed on the extension, the Board of Governors, in a hyper-progressive frame of mind, decided that the club ought to build a \$100,000 beach house near Onslow Beach. Master Sergeant "Pappy" Gillette, Camp Sergeant Major and Club President, happened to be away on one of the Corps' annual excursions to the Caribbean at the time of the voting.

He nearly punctured a gasket when he learned of the plan. Although the club was rich in comparison to other clubs throughout the Corps (net worth now hits close to \$130,000) Gillette managed to get the plan tabled until the club's finances could expand a little more.

In addition to the main club at Hadnot, two annexes are in operation at Montford Point and Tent Camp. Plans are completed for enlarging the Tent Camp club and work is expected to get under way in the early Spring. These operations take a hefty bite out of the profit side of the club ledger.

"We like to do things in a big way down here," one member of the Board of Governors said recently. If phrased in Latin, that statement would serve as an admirable motto for the Staff

**TURN PAGE**



Currey and Gillette talk business in central hall before doors open for entertainment hungry members



**Central bivouac for Staff NCOs during off duty hours**

**is this lush establishment located in the center of Hadnot Point**



Treasurer-Manager Stewart goes over plans for orphans' Christmas party with a pair of the committeemen, Master Sergeants Hill, Foust



Usual Saturday afternoon gathering in Stag Bar nets big hashmark crop

## CLUB LEJEUNE (cont.)

NCO Club at Camp Lejeune. It makes lavish gestures and money is known to flow faster than turnip juice when a project is okayed. Witness the Christmas Party last year that the club tossed for a Goldsboro, North Carolina orphanage. It all started when General Fellers decided it would be a fine thing to entertain a group of orphans on the station over the holidays. When the Staff NCOs got wind of the plan, they allotted money and appointed a committee to see that the waifs were entertained. The kiddies were fixed up with toys, dinner and movies before attending Christmas services at the Camp Lejeune chapel.

Actually the club doesn't go off on many tangents. The "mission", as laid down in the club by-laws, states that the club is operated for the purpose of furnishing refreshments and recreation facilities at reasonable prices, and to promote and maintain the well-being and contentment of authorized service personnel.

At one time there were 134 members serving on the Board of Governors. This was felt to be somewhat of an unwieldy structure and a cut was proposed. Considering that there are more than 6000 members currently stationed at Camp Lejeune, the manpower figure for club operation is quite low. Most of the club's Marine employees work on a part-time basis after their regular duty hours.

Just what it takes to meet the refreshment clause in the "mission" of the club can be gathered from the chow consumption figures of the Snack Bar at Hadnot. In one evening the cooks, under the direction of Corporal Donald G. Tobin, go through 30 pounds of ham, 15 dozen buns and 18 loaves of bread. In the meantime, 59 cases of beer pass over the bar in the Stag Room. For an average week they order 300 pounds of shrimp, 18 three-pound loaves of salami, 15 pounds of pepperoni and 200 pounds of potatoes for french fries.

Where the club really excels, however, is in the recreational part of its "mission". The exterior of the central club follows the staid architectural lines typical of all the permanent buildings at Camp Lejeune. This huge two-floored, air conditioned structure is within a five minute walk from Camp Headquarters. When he steps through the main doorway, a visitor has three immediate choices of direction; to the right is the softly-lit Mirror Room, fast becoming known as the plushiest gathering spot in Onslow County. The center entrance leads to the Stag Bar, preferred rendezvous for the multi-hashmarked yarn spinners

who don't care to edit their sea stories for feminine listeners. (The weekly "take" from the Stag Room alone is usually close to \$2800.) A bowling alley is available for the more robust troopers. The alleys are good, but not plentiful. For the benefit of the ex-Lejeune keggers who've shoved off—next time you hit C.L. check the top of the back bar in the Mirror Room. There you'll find about a dozen unclaimed bowling trophies. One might have your name on it.

With the exception of one continuously busy phone booth, and the gentlemen's room, the inventory of the lower deck is complete. The reason the gent's retreat is singled out for mention is that it has a rightful place in the ancient history of the Staff Club at Camp Lejeune. The club was officially founded on August 4, 1942 and the first thing the founding directors petitioned for was adequate plumbing. A job order was rushed through channels and the club's first crisis was successfully passed.

The topside area is remarkable in its own way. In one room there are lounges, a bar and pool tables—plus a full scale barber shop. Like the men's room, the barber shop did its bit to add to the club legends. While shop installation was in progress last year, defective wiring or spontaneous combustion started a fire which created an exciting three-alarm hassle. Fire and water damaged the upper deck and roof, but the loss was covered by insurance. The club carries policies on all its employees and property as a matter of course.

The man who oversees this domain and, as they say in the jazz world—wears the size 37 suit—is Technical Sergeant William M. Stewart, treasurer-manager. His other duties include interviewing approximately 50 salesmen a week, keeping the club's books, and arranging for entertainment. He is assisted by Technical Sergeant Theron D. Currey. During working hours, which commence at 0900 and end at 0100, the two men split the managerial detail. Under the ministrations of Stewart and Gillette the club has added a unique feature by having two dance bands appear in the Mirror Room five nights a week. The two quiet nights are devoted to bingo. At least once each month big time floor shows are imported. All these activities are remarkable considering that the club lost a large chunk of revenue a year and a half ago when its slot machines were removed.

The slots have been absent long enough now for two schools of thought to form. One group says that the slots weren't worth the trouble and that, in some

(continued on page 76)



Three fry-cooks keep busy in the Stag Room moving almost one ton of food a week across the counter. Corporal Don Tobin is in charge



When bandsmen take a breather in the Mirror Room, Mary Blaney and her accordion take over and entertain the guests at their tables



After the customers have left, waiters still have cleaning work to do. Lee Aldrich, Bill Johnston and Ray Bernhard take their "five" first

# POSTS OF THE CORPS

by MSgt. Ronald D. Lyons  
Leatherneck Staff Writer

Photos by  
by MSgt. James F. Galloway  
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

## ROME



Italian girls like to tour Rome with Marine sightseers. First stop is usually the Colosseum

**L**ATE on the night of May 15, 1951, a young woman employee of the U.S. State Department was standing her lonely watch in the communications room of the American Embassy in Rome, Italy. Suddenly the telephone rang. Picking it up, she answered, "Miss Edwards..."

Her voice was cut by a cryptic message:

"American official's wife...critically ill...needs blood transfusion...immediately."

Miss Edwards flew into action. Then an almost unbelievable thing happened. As she made her connection for an emergency call, the phone went dead!

Near frantic, desperate and heartsick, Miss Edwards thought of giving up. But how could she? A life depended on her getting through with a call for help. She tried the phone again but it was still out.

It has since been to the credit of the Marine Corps that Miss Edwards' next thought, born of desperation, reminded her of the Marine sentries who were patrolling the Embassy. She contacted a member of the Security Guard, and within seconds two Marine volunteer blood donors were rushing to the Hospital of the Divine Savior. When they arrived, Staff Sergeant Wilbur H. Reist, of the Rome Detachment, and Sergeant Bobby J. Patterson, on leave from the

Paris Detachment, donated their blood. As they left the hospital they were told the stricken woman had been saved.

Call it extra curricular activity if you will, but the Marine Embassy guards in Rome often find themselves doing things that are strictly additional to the plan of the day. Specifically, the Marines are supposed to interest themselves in one thing only—the absolute security of the American Embassy and the offices of Ambassador James C. Dunn. They work on a closely knit cooperative basis with Norman V. Schute, congenial and efficient Security Officer for the Embassy.

Sometimes hurry-up calls come from local citizens asking the Marines to step in and break up minor night club or street corner brawls. But, mindful of their limited jurisdiction, the Marines never interfere.

Until recently, affable Master Sergeant Edwin P. Dunn governed the on-duty destinies of the Security Guard. (Since Dunn's routine transfer to Camp Lejeune last September, the detachment has been taken over by Master Sergeant Bruce Coote.)

MSgt. Dunn functioned as a one-man liaison agency between the Marine guards and State Department officials and was known officially as the "Senior Non-Commissioned Officer in Charge of the Marine Security Guard."

Actually the guard is under the administrative control of the Commandant of the Marine Corps, but the State Department is responsible for operational control. In addition to his liaison duties, Dunn filled in as a sort of father confessor and all-purpose responsible person for his men. A partial list of his responsibilities included a close observance of his men's welfare, allowances, clothing, quarters, leave time, and recreation. Least troublesome of all, according to Dunn, is the supervision of the men's recreational requirements. "Any Marine," he says, "who can't entertain himself in Rome... should be surveyed."

Marines in Rome have three choices of exercise, if walking is disregarded. They can join the local country club golf course and hob nob with the upper set on the links; they can help the Embassy Guard softball team compete for the Mayor's cup (which the Marines won year before last); or they

**TURN PAGE**

**Marine guards at the American Embassy  
in Rome are noted for their courteous  
performance of duty and military bearing**

It is SOP for visitors to sign their autographs on the statues around the stadium, Foro Italico



ROME (cont.)



Saint Peter's, background, impressed Ileana Irione and SSgt. John Hoaglin



SSgt. John Hoaglin, Ileana Irione, Marisa Toschi, and SSgt. William Daniel pause for refreshment

while touring Rome. Italian street vendors display American products, lure trade with fancy pushcarts



Marines from the American Embassy in Rome picnic at Anzio Beach. Their order of preference

includes swimming, spear fishing and sunbathing. The girls have only one preference: sunbathing

can sunbathe on one of the three beaches located within a 40-mile radius of Rome. Marines who fail to get a kick out of battling the surf can take things easier on the becalmed shores of two nearby lakes.

Men of the detachment who would rather leave the strenuous stuff to the better conditioned athletes find their diversion in English-speaking movies in Rome or at the Embassy movie hall where shows are screened twice a week.

Most popular sport of all, however, is the Marines' participation in a highly enjoyable game of flirtation played according to local Italian custom. It's a hard game to beat, but the Marines have never considered giving it up.

The game starts when a Marine meets an Italian girl. As soon as it becomes apparent that both contestants are agreeably matched, the Marine is obligated to make the first move. From then on the game progresses like a slow-moving checker match.

The Marine is always handicapped from the start by his inability to speak

**TURN PAGE**



Souvenir hunters find Italian shopkeepers eager to make sales. It's customary, however, for customers to haggle at length over prices

## ROME (conf.)

Italian. But the girl is usually a good sport and helps him along with naive phrases of English when he hits an impasse.

At the end of the first round, the Marine makes his next big move which deposits him in the always comfortable, but unpretentious, parlor of his opponent's home. This situation calls for immediate and high level military strategy before the game continues.

The Marine is surprised when the girl rings in several non-playing partners. These observers, who display a never-ending affinity for grinning and much talk, are introduced as the girl's mother, father, grandmother, grandfather, two sisters, three brothers, and an uncountable number of interested aunts and uncles. This team does not include a gallery of friends who appear from nowhere to grin engagingly and watch the Marine's progress.

Outnumbered and out-talked, the Marine begins to think about removing



TSgt. Bruce Coote uses a central control switch panel to keep in touch with roving patrols as they tour the corridors of the Embassy

## Marines in Rome go along with the Italian's idea of a gay evening; sitting at sidewalk cafes, sipping vino



Tourists need little encouragement to patronize one of Rome's many sidewalk cafes. It's a pleasant experience, although service is slow

the girl to another, more isolated spot. But there's a penalty: a family chaperone accompanies the twosome to a nearby sidewalk cafe.

When the Marine, the girl, and the chaperone are seated alongside a curbstone table the Marine discovers a new difficulty—the chaperone has unobtrusively settled between the girl and himself.

Completely outmaneuvered, the Marine quietly waits it out. He is only mildly surprised to notice that the girl and her chaperone are agreeable. The prompt appearance of a wine-bearing waiter explains why. After the wine comes a full course Italian dinner. After the dinner comes a check—straight to the Marine.

But the involved Marine hasn't forgotten that other Marines have been playing "the game" for years, with comparatively few setbacks; he becomes even more enthusiastic and arranges for future contests.

Eventually, after several more chaperoned trips to the sidewalk cafe, the shadow disappears and the Marine is able to take his date to other cafes where Italian music and dancing help him forget his earlier difficulties. The



A Marine of the American Embassy Guard in Rome patrols ornate passageway which leads to the office of Ambassador James C. Dunn

whole evening, however, is interrupted at midnight because all respectable Italian girls are expected to be home by that hour.

If the girl proves to be exceedingly good at the game, and if the Marine's tour of State Department duty is nearing completion, the two opponents sometimes wind up as teammates. The girl from Italy could be declared the winner; the Marine, on the other hand, is a winner too, since Marine-Italian marriages have proved themselves fundamentally sound and lasting.

When they're on duty, the Marines of the Embassy Security Guard in Rome have been described as being one of the most alert and observant guard detachments within the realm of the State Department. They obviously take pride in this compliment for it is reflected in the way they stand their posts and patrol the security areas of the Embassy. These Marines are noted for three attributes: military bearing, knowledge of interior guard requirements, and their courtesy which has risen to a degree of social perfection. Only once has a Rome Embassy guard come close to blowing his top when on duty. Even if he had lost his temper, it's doubtful if he could have been criticized—for what Marine wouldn't fly apart if an American tourist walked up to him and asked, "You speak English?"

Standing the duty in the American Embassy in Rome isn't a peaches and

cream deal. Rather, it's an around the clock tour, (eight hours per man) divided between roving patrols, reception desks, and the code room watch. Aside from their regular guard duties, the Marines are on call for special functions.

Last year, when Margaret Truman visited Rome, the Marines provided security for her every night from 2200 until 1000 the next morning. "It wasn't bad duty," said one, "She always had something nice to say to us."

When General Eisenhower toured Europe in connection with SHAEP, he and his staff were under the watchful eyes of a specially selected Marine guard. Another important function for the Security Detachment comes once a year when the Marines furnish the color guard at Anzio Nettuno Cemetery during memorial services for war dead.

The American Embassy in Rome is comprised of three buildings; Palazzo Margherita at 119 Via Veneto, the Consular Section in a separate building at 121 Via Veneto, and a third building at Via Boncompagni Number 2.

The property (continued on page 77)



MSgt. Edwin Dunn (former NCO in Charge of the Security Guard) confers with Ambassador James C. Dunn and Mr. Norman Schute

# AMBULANCE AIR LINE



A corpsman secures an evacuee's litter before the flight home begins



## Wounded servicemen are returned to the United States in specially equipped planes

Story by MSgt. Edward M. Green    Photos by Sgt. William L. Rogers

**E**ARLY in the Korean war rapid medical treatment of badly wounded men posed a serious question. With most of Korea in shambles, and buildings leveled to the ground, medical men foresaw the difficulties of inadequate facilities and determined to lick the problem.

Evacuation to Japan, where first rate medical treatment was possible, solved the problem for the moment. It wasn't long, however, until the hospitals there were crowded, and wounded were lying in the corridors awaiting their turns for surgery and major treatment.

Combining the facilities of all services, authorities met the challenge with an airlift. The Military Air Transportation Service, one of the workhorses of this war, furnished the planes and pilots; the medics pitched in with everything they had to get the men on their way to advanced hospitals throughout the Pacific, and gradually back to hospitals in the United States.

Many of the wounded were not strong enough to withstand the rigors of long hours in the air, so plans were made to break up the long haul. Following the pattern of the stagecoaches of the early West, way-stations were

provided so that the wounded could be given a few hours in good hospitals along the way where they would be comfortable, receive medical attention, and regain strength for the remainder of the trip.

The itinerary set-up called for a stop in Japan, then for the longest part of the trip back—from Japan to Tripler Army hospital in Hawaii—and finally to the west coast. Upon reaching the coast, Navy personnel are sent to Oak Knoll Naval Hospital in Oakland, while Army and Air Force men are routed to the Letterman General Hospital in San Francisco. They are completely diagnosed and sent on to other hospitals, either ones nearest their homes, or in cases requiring specialized attention, to hospitals best suited for their injuries.

Many hours of diligent and selfless work on the part of doctors, nurses, medical corpsmen and civilian medical attendants are required to make the plan operate smoothly. These men and women deserve the highest commendation for their devotion to duty.

And it takes plenty to get these air evacuees on their long "road back"—and to keep them moving. The wounded receive every comfort that it is humanly possible to give them.

Up on the firing line with the First Marine Division, a man catches a serious head wound. In the last war, he might have become just another name on the killed in action list. But now he's got a chance—with the elaborate arrangement for air evacuation it is almost certain that he can be in surgery at a modern hospital in a few hours.

The corpsman gives him immediate first aid, and gets him back fast to a doctor. If the terrain is bad, the man is picked up by a helicopter, sometimes on the spot where he fell. He is taken to a field hospital where the doctors do all they can with the facilities at hand. Then he's rushed to an airfield where the big planes can land, usually only a few miles from the front lines. Often these fields are right in the heart of the fight, like the one at the Chosin Reservoir in December, 1950.

The evacuee's next stop is Japan, where he can be treated as well as in most hospitals in the United States. After surgery he is given time enough to gain strength for the air trip home. Then he begins the flight that will take him to Tripler Army Hospital in Hawaii.

He is loaded in a specially equipped plane with a group of similar cases where he will receive every attention to ease his pain during the flight. A couple of enlisted medical men, and usually two flight nurses fly on every

**TURN PAGE**



Flight nurse (left) checks her passenger list with the stewardess of a chartered Trans Ocean Airlines plane as it leaves Hickam Field



**AMBULANCE AIR LINE (cont.)**

Attendants stand by wounded Marines and soldiers outside the special entrance for air evacuees at Tripler Army hospital, Honolulu, Hawaii

*Official Army Photo*

hop. The pilot radios ahead to Tripler when he is about five hours out of Hickam airfield in Hawaii, and alerts the hospital to receive his cargo.

When the word is received there, a split-second schedule goes into operation. Special wards are prepared, and attendants are put on a stand-by alert to turn to. Beds are readied with portable traction gear for broken bones, and special equipment, needed for certain cases, is prepared. The special entrance for air evacuees is readied with its ramp to receive and route the patients to their proper wards.

Specially built ambulance vans are dispatched to the airfield. Red lights flash and sirens scream to clear the way. People of Hawaii, now familiar with the vans, know what they carry, and they make way quickly.

The planes land and taxi up to a receiving hangar used only for that purpose. Here more medical attendants join the task and are aided by volunteer Red Cross workers. A specially built covered ramp moves to the plane's side, and ready hands rush the litters down to the waiting vans, then the convoy moves out to the hospital.

At Tripler, the men are moved



Local civilians in Hawaii make the few hours spent at Tripler Army Hospital a little more enjoyable.

Native hula troupes and Hawaiian musicians devote many hours of their time to entertain the veterans

rapidly to the air evacuee ward where they are given whatever they want or need. Hot meals, often their first in months, are placed at their bedside. A barber stands by to shave them and give them haircuts, and nurses are on hand to bathe them. Then the doctors move into the picture again to check their conditions and ascertain whether they are able to continue the journey. Dressings are changed and cases which require treatment get it.

Some patients who have been too weakened by the long flight from Japan, are taken off the next flight list and given more time to recuperate before going on to the United States. The rest are usually held at Tripler for only 24 hours, and then are returned to Hickam field where they board another plane for the last leg of their trip home.

Local civilians in Hawaii make the few hours spent there an enjoyable experience. Native hula troupes and Hawaiian musicians devote many hours of their time to entertaining the combat veterans. They move from ward to ward with their island music and pretty dancing girls.

A portable Post Exchange moves through the wards day and night, giving the men an opportunity to pick up souvenirs of Hawaii. Radios, hooked up with small individual speakers make it possible for the men to select their own stations. Doctors in clean white, and nurses in their crisp, snowy uniforms are constantly at the bedside. The few hours spent at Tripler will never be forgotten by the wounded who have stopped off there.

Then they are off again. The vans move rapidly and safely to the airfield. The ramp rolls into place, and the litters are strapped in the planes. A few minutes for warm-up and the wounded are on their way home.

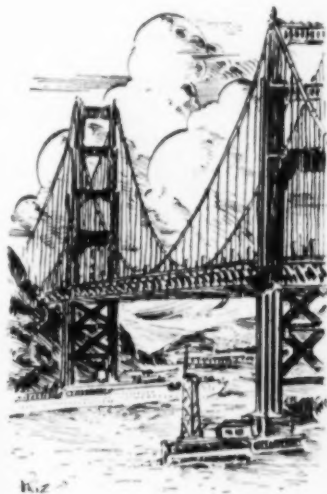
In less than thirteen hours, the evacuees glide over the Golden Gate



A Marine, temporarily blinded in battle, gets two sets of pretty eyes and a well earned lift to his morale while waiting to continue his trip

and are set down gently at Travis Air Force Base. A few minutes later they are in hospital beds and are talking over telephones to their families.

The personnel of the air evacuation service realize how much their work means to wounded men, and they're proud of the records they've established. From August, 1950, to November, 1951, they carried more than 35,000 wounded back to the States. To December 12, 1951, they had carried more than 7500 Marines, and their average is more than 2000 men a month. **END**



Civilian attendant serves a hot meal to wounded Marine during trip home

# Mulligan's



by Karl A. Schuon

**"F**AITH, an' 'tis a fine chanet yer givin' me, lieutenant, t' be a hero fer me outfit . . ."

"Never mind the hero stuff, Mulligan, just get this dispatch over that ridge to Colonel Pinch and his British Commandos . . ."

"Sure, an' I'll niver be able to be thankin' ye, lieutenant, fer lettin' me be a hero . . ."

"Mulligan, for God's sake, you're not going on a heroic mission. You're carrying a scrap of paper that says 'Welcome to the neighborhood', half a mile through friendly territory, patrolled by your own men! All you've got to do is to walk the half mile and hand the piece of paper to Colonel Pinch . . . then come back and report to me. You're not going to get a Congressional Medal for walking half a mile and back . . ."

Private Mike Mulligan sighed. "An' if th' saints are with me, me time will come. I'll be a hero and git me a medal yet."

The lieutenant sighed wearily, too. "Maybe you'll get a medal, but since you've arrived in Korea you've done nothing but fall into rice paddies and give out bad dope to the troops. I can't understand how one man can get into so much trouble . . ."

"By all th' saint's angels, 'tis me best I'm doin' fer the glory o' th' Old Corps . . ."

"Go, Mulligan, please—before I lose my temper! If there's

# Lamp



an answer, wait for it and bring it to me. If you're not back in an hour I'll send a patrol for you and if they don't get you back here alive I won't ask questions... Now go!"

Mulligan took the dispatch and wandered slowly, forlornly to the area where he had left his gear. He was searching for his rifle when he heard the lieutenant bellow:

"MULLIGAN! Get over here!"

Mulligan hurried to Lieutenant Smogg's tent; the lieutenant was holding his rifle.

"May th' saints strike me," said Mulligan, astounded. "It ain't like me t' be leavin' me rifle settin' in th' lieutenant's tent..."

"You're a hell of a Marine, Mulligan. Now take your rifle and get going before I..."

Mulligan reached for the piece but as he touched it, it went off with a blast that rocked the quiet area and shattered a hole in the lieutenant's tent.

"Ah-ha, Mulligan," hissed the lieutenant, "you've been filing your sear again..."

"Faith, sir, an' I ain't touched it!" pleaded the Irishman.

And then Mulligan looked down at the stock of the rifle; and he knew how the rifle had found its way into the lieutenant's tent; and he knew why it had fired. Mulligan's leprechaun was

back and it was sitting on the stock of his M-1s howling while the lieutenant raved.

Mulligan raised his foot and swung a vicious kick at the little imp but his leprechaun was too nimble and, before Mulligan could kick again, the creature had scurried out of the tent.

"Mulligan, you're shook," screamed the lieutenant. "What in hell are you kicking at?"

"'Tis a strange malady I picked up on th' islands durin' th' last war..."

"Get out of here before I catch it and start kicking, too." Lieutenant Smogg suddenly regained his composure. "I'll deal with you later, Mulligan, now deliver that dispatch."

Outside the tent Mulligan looked for his leprechaun but the imp was gone. The Irishman trudged toward the British Commando encampment. Now he knew why everything had gone wrong since he had come to Korea—and he knew who to blame for his recall to the Marine Corps.

He had picked up the little devil on Okinawa during World War II, and since the leprechaun had been with his great grandfather who was buried on Okinawa by Perry years and years ago, Mulligan had inherited the little imp. He had tried every formula in the books of Irish folklore to get rid of the pest but none of them had been

successful—the leprechaun had hung onto Mulligan like an inhuman little beast. Then, one day, after the Korean fracas had begun Mike's imp disappeared.

Mulligan remembered, as he ambled on to the Commando camp, how happy he had been, how peaceful life had been with Sadie, his wife, and how wonderful it had been to till the soil of his shamrock farm in old Ireland. It had been like the end of a terrible toothache, as if the tooth were out and could hurt no longer.

Then had come the letter from the States calling Mike back to service in the United States Marines—as a Reserve. Mulligan tore his red hair, beat his hairy fists on his breast and bellowed louder than a herd of wounded Spanish bulls.

"By every patron saint i' th' Irish Free State, 'twouldn't a' been the likes o' me t' be signin' them Reserve papers onct I was out..." Mike wailed. "Sure, an' I'll show them wise ones in Washington!"

Mike wrote a long, burning letter to the Commandant of the Corps.

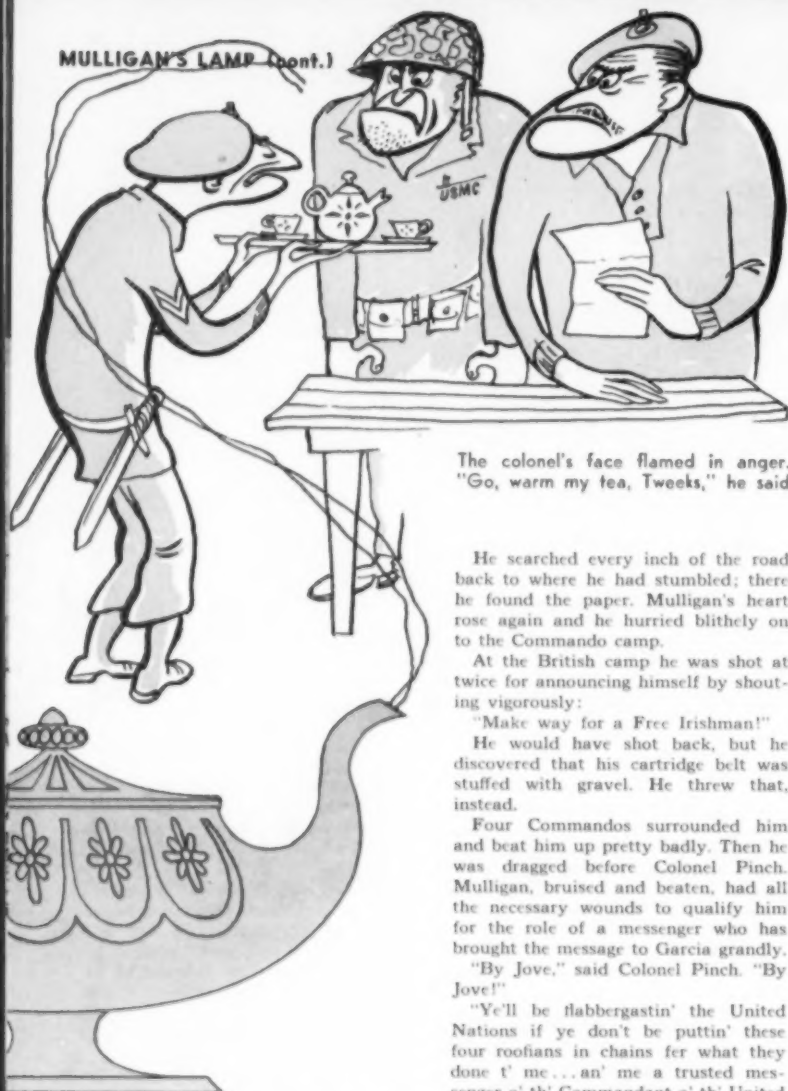
"Faith, an' I'll show 'em," he repeated.

A week later the local squire came and hustled Mike off to the nearest ship bound for America.

Mulligan fumed through the entire

TURN PAGE

# MULLIGAN'S LAMP (cont.)



The colonel's face flamed in anger. "Go, warm my tea, Tweeks," he said

He searched every inch of the road back to where he had stumbled; there he found the paper. Mulligan's heart rose again and he hurried blithely on to the Commando camp.

At the British camp he was shot at twice for announcing himself by shouting vigorously:

"Make way for a Free Irishman!"

He would have shot back, but he discovered that his cartridge belt was stuffed with gravel. He threw that, instead.

Four Commandos surrounded him and beat him up pretty badly. Then he was dragged before Colonel Pinch. Mulligan, bruised and beaten, had all the necessary wounds to qualify him for the role of a messenger who has brought the message to Garcia grandly.

"By Jove," said Colonel Pinch. "By Jove!"

"Ye'll be flabbergastin' the United Nations if ye don't be puttin' these four roofins in chains fer what they done t' me... an' me a trusted messenger o' th' Commandant o' th' United States Marine Corps!"

"By Jove," said Colonel Pinch.

"Ye'll be sayin' yer litanies t' Saint Anthony," threatened the enraged Mulligan. "What are ye tryin' t' do, git England thrown outta th' United Nations?"

Colonel Pinch's next "By Jove" was indignant, but Mulligan held his ground. "Faith, an' I'll be deliverin' this important message if it's th' whole British army I have t' lick..."

"By Jove, the man has courage," said Colonel Pinch. "Set him down." Mulligan bristled, looked hurt, then gallantly drew himself up and snapped to a blood-streaked attention.

"Sure, an' th' road was beset with hardships, snipers and mines but by the rod o' Saint Francis, I made it

through. Hold out yer hand, Colonel, an' I'll be givin' ye th' dispatch."

Colonel Pinch broke the seal and read the message hurriedly. His eyes gleamed widely and the ends of his mustache bobbed rapidly up and down. He breathed heavily, placed both hands on his desk and said:

"By Jove."

Before Colonel Pinch could continue, his orderly dashed into the tent with a tray. "Tea time, Lord Pinchbury," said the orderly.

The Colonel's face flamed in anger. "By Jove, Tweeks, how many times have I told you that I am not to be addressed as Lord Pinchbury, by Jove. While there is a police action going on in Korea, I am simply Colonel Pinch. Don't you know, Tweeks, that here in Korea we are fighting for democracy? Can't you forget that I live in a castle?"

Tweeks was unhappy. "Yes, m' Lord," he said.

"Tweeks," said the Colonel patiently. "Not m' Lord. I understand that in the United States Marine Corps all officers from corporals up are called Sir..."

"That's only at Parris Island," said Mulligan, "and sometimes at San Diego."

"So you see, Tweeks, by Jove, I was right!"

"But m' Lord," Tweeks was puzzled. "a man is called Sir when he's knighted in England..."

"Go and warm my tea, Tweeks; when I want your advice, I'll ask for it!"

Tweeks mumbled something and left.

Colonel Pinch cleared his throat and did not say, "By Jove." Instead he called for his staff which was, strangely enough, composed of the four Commandos who had beaten up Mulligan.

"Blighters," said Colonel Pinch gravely, "this message is a challenge. There are sixty Commies dug in on Hill 1213. We are to make a raid and this man will lead us!"

"Is that what's writ there—that I'm to be leadin' th' raid?" asked Mike.

"That's what it says, by Jove. It says you're fearless in the pursuit of your duty, man!"

"Faith, an' me heart is bleedin' fer th' kindness o' Lieutenant Smogg—t' be writin' such nice things about me..."

Colonel Pinch looked at his watch. "By Jove," he said.

"Let's wipe the bloody devils out to-night, rather," said a member of Pinch's staff.

"Righto," said Colonel Pinch. "Right after tea, by Jove!"

"But, sir," said Mike, "It's waitin' around fer tea that'll be givin' th' yellow redds a chanct t' sneak away..."

Tweeks was back with the hot tea and six cups.

voyage. "I coulda' got t' Korea in half th' time by goin' in th' opposite direction if it ain't that I gotta go through Treasure Island!" he grumbled.

In the States they showed him the papers he had signed. Mike couldn't remember.

Now he knew where his leprechaun had been—in the States forging his Reserve enlistment.

Mike tripped over a stone and sprawled beside the rough road. He picked himself up, brushed himself off and slogged on.

A hundred yards later he fished in his pocket for the dispatch. It was gone.

Mulligan threw an Irish panic, "Bring back th' snakes, Saint Patrick, but please let me find th' message..."

"Are you suggesting, Mulligan, that I ask my blighters to go on a raid without their hot tea...?"

"Oh, no, sir..." Mike began, then he saw his little imp on the ground at Tweeks' feet and he knew that there would be broken cups and spilled tea. Mulligan kicked at the imp but he tripped Tweeks instead.

Colonel Pinch took the brunt of the barrage. The leprechaun leapt to the Colonel's desk and perched on the edge. Mulligan swept his huge fist down at the imp but succeeded only in clearing the desk of its litter of papers.

"By Jove," said Colonel Pinch, "the man's in earnest! I suppose tea and crumpets must wait. Tallyho, then let's make the raid and be brisk about it. Lead on, Mulligan!"

Mulligan stepped unsteadily out of the tent with Colonel Pinch and his staff.

"An' how many men do we be takin' wi' us on th' charge?" asked Mike.

Colonel Pinch was shrewd. "How many men do the Marines usually take on a little venture of this sort?" he asked.

"Maybe a dozen," said Mike.

"Very well, by Jove, then we'll take ten!" said the colonel.

"Ten!" said Mulligan, "to clean out sixty?"

The colonel was deliberating. "Let me see, by Jove, there are six of us, Tweeks makes seven..."

"Tweeks?" screamed Mulligan, "That little, tea-brewin' orderly!"

"He's a veritable little butcher," replied the colonel, "fights with nothing but a knife... we'll choose three other men at random, rather."

Darkness was closing in when the nine Commandos and Mulligan set out for Hill 1213. They traveled about a mile, called a halt while Tweeks prepared tea, drank the tea, then proceeded cautiously to the edge of the dug-in foe. At a bellowing, "Charge, by Jove!" from Colonel Pinch, the band attacked.

Back at the Marine Camp Lieutenant Smogg was rounding up a few volunteers to trek out in search of Mulligan. He was having a little difficulty because it was a cold night and no one was hot to trot after the eightball Irishman.

"This is his last flub," stormed the lieutenant, "I'll have him sent State-side in irons! I'll have him in Portsmouth..." Distant shots interrupted the lieutenant's tirade. "What's that?" he asked.

"Shots," someone said, dryly.

"They're coming from Hill 1213," said the lieutenant. "Let's get a patrol over there and take a look."

Hill 1213 was a mass of wild scrimmage by the time the Marine patrol got there. A scout returned and informed

the patrol that the Commandos had attacked an outfit of Turks! Lieutenant Smogg threw in a flare. The light brought an abrupt end to the hand to hand warfare—except for one punchy individual who insisted upon attacking anyone who came within reach. Everyone except Mulligan realized that the Commandos had attacked their allies. The British had quit the fight when they were able to see the Turks—but not Mulligan, he had to be subdued with a rifle butt.

Lieutenant Smogg raged when he heard Colonel Pinch's story of Mulligan and the dispatch. Mulligan, out cold, was searched and in a remote back pocket the lieutenant found the original dispatch. It was merely a note from General Blowgun Fitzbore welcoming Colonel Pinch and his Commandos to the area.

The disposition of Mulligan posed a problem. Lieutenant Smogg had to be disarmed—he insisted on shooting Mulligan on the spot. In the meantime the Turks were holding a sinister huddle, and, since it was assumed that none of them spoke English, they also presented a problem.

"By Jove," said Colonel Pinch brightly, "Perhaps we could sacrifice this bloomin' Irishman to the Turks for the harm we've done in attacking them..."

"Oh, no, ye don't," said the bewildered Mulligan, coming to.

Mulligan stopped talking because another rifle butt hit him.

It was finally decided to leave him there with the Turks, and Lieutenant Smogg grudgingly agreed to report him missing in action. Colonel Pinch invited the Marines to tea and crumpets and the two outfits shoved off for the Commando encampment.

When Mulligan awoke it was daylight. On his chest sat the leprechaun drinking a cup of Turkish coffee.

"Sure, an' a fine kittle o' stew ye

got yerself into last night, didn't ye?" he wheezed.

"Ye little devil, if iver I git me hands on ye it's sorry ye'll be that ye iver left Ireland. Faith, an' I'll throttle the eyes out o' ye..."

"Do ye be lyin' quiet-like whilst I be makin' ye a proposition..."

"It's none o' yer propositions I'm wantin' this mornin'... don't be thinkin' that I'm unaware o' th' little switch ye pulled on th' dispatches last night... an' me with a fine chanet t' be a hero... I'll git ye yet ye wee pig-stealin' guttersnipe... Ohhh... me bashed-in head..."

"Sure, an' it's sorry I am that I got us mixed up in this here Korean business..." continued the imp.

"An' I'll be gettin' ye fer forgin' th' Reserve papers, too, ye spawn o' a jellyfish. An' if I was able to git up I'd..."

Suddenly a look of fear came over the leprechaun's face; his misshapen little body trembled and he took off at high port.

"Now, what in th' devil's own name could be ailin' th' little skunk?" muttered Mulligan. He sat up, and with the movement it seemed that every bone and muscle in his body ached. "Sure, an' 'twas a bad nighf..." he moaned sadly.

"Ho, you American Marine, yes?"

Mike looked up, saw a fierce, bearded Turk staring down at him. Mulligan nodded sadly.

"American Marine like cup coffee, no?" asked the Turk.

"Faith, an' 'twould be buoyin' up me spirits consid'rably," said Mulligan gratefully.

"I bring good black one, eh?" the Turk roared with deep basso peals of Turkish laughter and stalked toward a small camp-fire.

Mulligan looked for his rifle and the rest of his gear, but it wasn't in sight. "A fine hero I'm turnin' out t' be—no rifle, a fouled up message that gits allies fightin' allies, an' me confounded leprechaun is back t' do me trouble..." He stood up, staggered to a rock nearby and sat down dejectedly.

The big Turk was back with the coffee.

"What in hell is it ye're serving it in, a thimble?" asked Mike.

"Ees Turkish coffee—serve een demitasse canteen cup," said the Turk.

"Thanks, anyway," said Mike.

One sip convinced him that a thimblefull was an all-day ration.

"You got bad luck?" asked the Turk.

"Lock?"

"Lock—sad theengs ees happen to you—bad luck. No?"

"Yes," said Mulligan. "Nothin' in th' wide world kin be helpin' me. Sure, an' I'm doomed." (continued on page 75)



# Leatherneck Laffs





# THE STICK ....

by John J. Styers

... is a good weapon if you learn its varied technique.  
With this article, Leatherneck continues its series  
of excerpts from the forthcoming book, "Cold Steel"



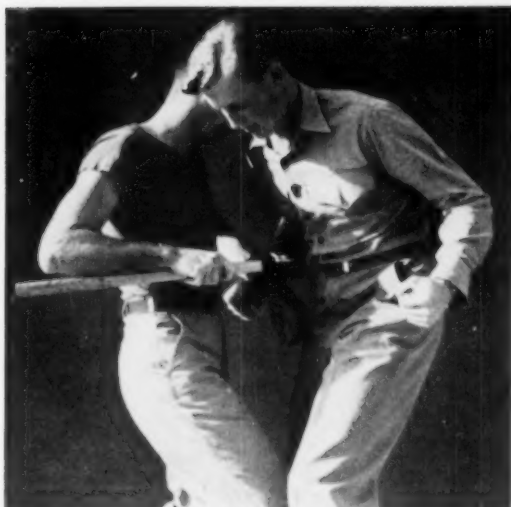
*Text prepared by Karl Schuon*

**Y**EARS ago the cop who walked his beat, swinging his night stick, knew that it was fine for clobbering drunks and thieves on the head, but it is doubtful whether he realized the versatility of that short length of hard wood he carried. Today, however, there are a number of effective, fighting tricks with sticks. The uses of the stick are worth passing on to you because sometime it may become necessary for you to defend your life with nothing more than your *natural* weapons and any stout stick you might be able to pick up.

The list of common articles, usually available and easily adapted for use as "sticks", is limitless. Swagger sticks, broken broomsticks, mops and shovel handles, snapped-off billiard cues, rungs of chairs or short branches of trees. Ladies in the subways will find a short umbrella or a rolled-up magazine equally effective.



Short end technique. Grasp your stick firmly about three inches below the end. Body is well balanced



The attack. Stick performs piston-like motion as it is whipped up to forearm and thrust into the target



His solar plexus is your target. Impact is on end of stick, backed by power of full arm and shoulder



Stick forms a bar in a split second by whipping it with a wrist movement to the left into the left hand

## THE SHORT END TECHNIQUE

For the most part, the development of this *short end* technique must be credited to Colonel William A. Kengla, USMC.

Pick up your "stick", whatever it may be, and we'll show you how much damage you can do with it. If you're at home, pull a towel rack off the wall; if you're in jail, pull a bar out of the window. **ANYTHING** long, stout, hard, about 22 inches in length

will do.

Got it?

Good. Here's how you'll hold it:

### The Grip

Grab it, just as you would a **KNIFE**. The fingers are wrapped securely around it, allowing approximately three inches of the stick to protrude **OUT IN FRONT** of your hand. The remainder of the stick lies along the forearm, forming a straight line from the point to the elbow.

### The Stance

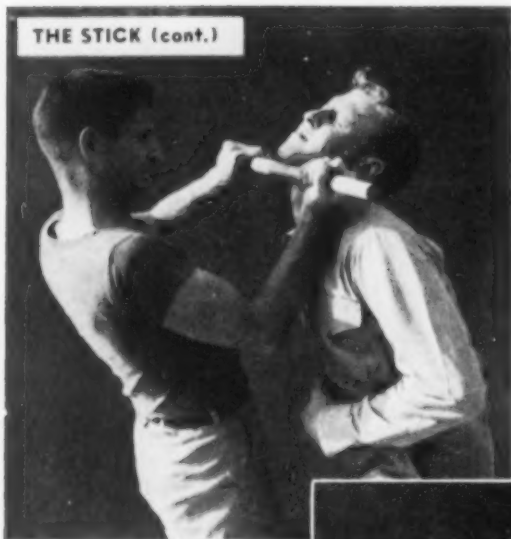
Your *stance* may be either that of the boxer (left foot forward) or that of the knife fighter (right foot forward). However, the left foot forward, stick in the right hand, is recommended for most situations.

### The Attack

**ANY ONE** of the blows described here will be decisive if planted properly in a vital target area. Your choice of attack will depend upon the situation.

TURN PAGE

**THE STICK (cont.)**



Smash the bar up under your enemy's chin. Follow through



If you miss, continue the attack by bringing the bar down again

Smash your bar down on the bridge of your opponent's nose



Bring bar back, close to chest, and prepare for direct smash

Bar is smashed into opponent's throat or head above the eyes





Grab enemy's shirt and return your stick to forearm position



Crouch low. Smash small end of stick up to opponent's groin



If the groin attack misses, try for your enemy's solar plexis



When another opponent attacks from the rear, drive stick back



Direct short end of stick to the opponent's neck, jaw or temple

THE SOLAR PLEXIS BLOW is delivered from your boxer's stance, your stick cocked against your forearm, your **LEFT** foot forward. With a driving, piston-like action of the stick arm, you smash the stick directly into the solar plexis of your opponent. The blow is carried in with additional force by advancing the right foot as you strike. If you **CONNECTED** you have succeeded in discouraging your opponent and he will show no more interest in the fight.

However, if you missed or if your blow was blocked, **FOLLOW**

**THROUGH** by **WHIPPING** the **LONG END** of the stick over to your left side with a single movement of the **WRIST**. Your **LEFT HAND, PALM DOWN**, should be ready to receive it. Your stick is now a **HORIZONTAL BAR**, gripped in both hands and held at a mid-section level.

**DRIVE** the bar up **UNDER THE CHIN** of your opponent.

All right, so you missed on the way up—**SMASH IT ACROSS** his nose **ON THE WAY DOWN**. Draw it back to yourself and smash it straight to his nose, teeth or throat. If your opponent

is still obstinate, **THEN MOVE IN**.

To **MOVE IN**, release the left side of the stick and bring it back, along the forearm, into its original position. Now, with your **FREE LEFT HAND GRAB A SOLID HUNK OF YOUR OPPONENT'S CLOTHING**, somewhere around his right shoulder area and pull him in close. *From now on, wherever he goes, you go!* Start smashing with the **SHORT END** of the stick—duck low and drive it into his groin, solar plexis or rib area. Strike **ANYWHERE**, let him have it under the chin if you can get there with it.

**TURN PAGE**

## THE STICK (cont.)

If he is blocking your targets, start swinging around the **OUTSIDE**. Try for his temple, ear, jaw or side of the neck; try for a blow in his lower rib section. **ANYWHERE** your point lands will be a painfully damaged spot. And a lot of sore spots add up to **ONE BIG PAIN**. And a painfully bruised body offers **LESS RESISTANCE**.

Now, you may wish to resort to a **PIVOT PUNCH**. This outlawed boxing blow is delivered like a right hook to the opponent's jaw, but the point of the elbow, rather than the fist, contacts the target. The upper arm, shoulder to elbow, is too short to deliver this blow effectively without accompanying the blow with a *wheeling body movement*.

The stick is kept along the arm, protecting your elbow as it smashes down on your opponent's head after your *right hook swing*. When you deliver this blow, put plenty of "**WHEELING BODY**" behind it. **DON'T PULL YOUR PUNCH!**

All right, you missed again. Your blow failed to drop your opponent. Don't worry, you are now in a position to back smash with your right elbow. Make a **HOOK** with your stick by a slight movement of the wrist; come back across, hooking your opponent's neck with the stick. **YOUR LEFT HAND SHOOTS ACROSS IN FRONT OF YOUR OPPONENT, GRABBING THE LONG END OF THE STICK.**

This is it, Mac, now you've got it made! Your opponent's neck is now uncomfortably nestled in the **DEATH TRIANGLE**. The stick behind his neck forms one side, your **CROSSED** arms on his throat are the other two sides. **SNAP THE TRIANGLE SHUT AND SQUEEZE!**

Incidentally, this triangle treatment is excellent for curing enemy sentries who have "shouting sickness." You will find that it is a neat, silent way of dropping the sentry from behind. The triangle is simply reversed—the stick flashes in **FRONT** across his throat, your arms cross on the **BACK** of his neck. Squeeze until you feel his wind-pipe close.

If you are **ATTACKED FROM THE REAR** while engaging an opponent in front of you, alleviate this situation by driving the **LONG END** of the stick straight back at the offender. You can do this without even turning; your stick has become a piston, one blow for your opponent in front, the next for your attacker in the rear. Smash back and forth, using both points of your stick. And don't forget that you have knees, legs and feet. **USE THEM**



For pivot punch, bring long end of stick securely along forearm



Pivot the body and apply right elbow smash to opponent's jaw



Follow through; hook is formed with stick around enemy's neck



Arms cross; other end of stick is secured. Snap triangle shut

**ON ANY TARGET OPENING YOU CAN FIND.**

To block a kick, whip the long end of the stick across to your left and grip it with the left hand. It has again become a horizontal bar, but instead of bringing it up to his chin, snap the arms straight down at the oncoming leg. Aim for the shinbone if possible; then follow up with a chin smash since the stick is in a position for this movement.

Your opponent's overhand or underhand blows may be blocked in this same manner. Smash straight out for the descending arm, or bash aside the

upcoming arm. **FOLLOW THROUGH AT ANY TARGET OPENING.**

## THE LONG END TECHNIQUE

Fundamentally, this technique is the use of the stick in the same way you would use a knife.

### The Grip

Grasp the stick a few inches from the **BACK**. This protrusion is a *reserve* for clubbing in close or smashing back at an opponent who may attack you from the rear. The **LONG END** of the stick is out in front—held



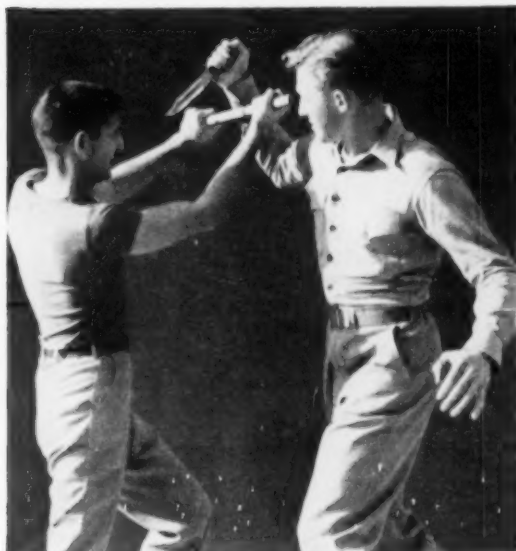
From this stance you are in a position to attack with the short end of the stick or to form a bar instantly



If your opponent attempts a kick, snap the stick into the bar position. Feet firmly placed; body balanced



Snap the arms out straight, directing bar to the shin of the raised leg. Lock arms against power of kick



Smash arms out straight against any downswinging blow. Use your feet or knees against other targets

out like a knife. The point and the elbow form a **STRAIGHT LINE**.

### The Stance

In **COMBAT** use the *knife fighters stance*. Keep the point directed at your opponent and thrust the same way as in knife fighting.

### The Targets

Thrust for the throat, face and solar plexus.

### The Attack

In combat, if you are otherwise unarmed, find a club and sharpen both ends with a rock. Since you have no cutting edge, direct the whipping action

of the club to your opponent's temple, neck, shoulders, joints and muscles.

In attacks, from the *long end technique*, a bar may also be formed with a movement of the **RIGHT WRIST**. Unlike the **RIGHT** hand grasp used in the *short end technique* where the **RIGHT KNUCKLES** are **DOWN**—the fingers **UP**—the bar formed from

**TURN PAGE**

## THE STICK (cont.)

the long end stance will have the knuckles on **BOTH** hands UP.

The bar may be used to smash or the stick may be whipped from either end by releasing the grasp of either hand.

## POLICE WORK

While on police duty, you may wish to assume a **NON-AGGRESSIVE** stance with the stick. Either the **SHORT STICK** or **LONG STICK** technique may be used. To achieve a non-aggressive stance with the short stick, grasp it about three inches from the front, allowing the remainder to lie

against the forearm until it hangs down, pointing to the ground. The short end is now pointing upwards; the fingers grip the stick firmly; the thumb is on the inside, next to the thigh.

This position has an innocent appearance which will enable you to come in close to your suspect without arousing suspicion from him, yet you are in constant readiness to whip the stick



Against an upswinging blow direct your bar straight for the wrist or forearm. Draw trunk out of range



At the completion of any block with your bar, follow through with a smash to the forehead, chin or throat



The Long End Technique. Long portion is directed at the enemy. Grasp stick about 3 inches from end



Thrust point of stick into enemy's solar plexis. Left arm whips back, adding power and velocity to blow



Use the long end of your stick in the manner of the sabre, striking blows at enemy's joints and muscles



The stick is readily converted to a bar by flicking long end over to other hand with a wrist movement



This position with the bar can provide an effective non-aggressive stance, but bar is ready for action



To strike for a target on your opponent's right side release the grip of your left hand; strike with right

up, alongside your forearm to the elbow, and ram its **SHORT** end directly into the mid-section of your suspect if he becomes aggressive. Follow through your attack as previously prescribed. **BUT USE ONLY AS MUCH FORCE AS THE AGGRESSIVENESS OF YOUR SUSPECT DEMANDS.**

When you "escort" an offender through a crowd you may wish to move behind him. To move him **RAPIDLY** and with **VERY LITTLE** resistance, grasp your stick in the middle; insert it, end first, between his legs and turn the whole stick so that it crosses his thighs; then move it **UPWARDS**. At the same time grasp

the back of his collar with the free hand and **PULL BACK**. In this manner you will be able to carry him along on his tiptoes and completely off balance. This technique is very effective for quick short trips from curb to wagon or from bar to street.

The use of the stick as a horizontal bar is an excellent technique for the

**TURN PAGE**

# THE STICK (cont.)



To strike at a target on opponent's left, release the right hand and smash across, holding stick with left



The Come-along. Whip stick between legs of enemy and turn. Grab opponent's back collar, lift and push



To attack from the rear, form a hook with the stick and arm. Whip the stick across your enemy's throat



Cross right arm with your left and grasp stick with left hand. Snap the triangle shut and apply pressure

Law Enforcement Officer. He may take his stance in a relaxed manner, his stick horizontal, without conveying the obvious intention of a club raised in a striking pose. **YET HE IS IN READINESS TO STRIKE** instantly at the offender's hand, forearm, elbow, knee cap or shinbone. The advantage of this technique is the opponent's uncertainty about the direction from

which the blow will come. The officer may release either hand and strike with the other. He will do this without premeditation making his attack without any indication of the side from which it will come.

But whether you're a cop on a beat, a guy walking home from a date late at night or a mud-sloshin' infantry man, if you're weaponless, except for

a "stick", these few tips will have given you something to rely upon in case of an unforeseen attack. The stick is a versatile weapon and its technique rises far above the common thought of bashing in your opponent's head.

"Knife throwing," the next chapter of excerpts from the forthcoming book "Cold Steel," will be published in the April issue of Leatherneck.



# DATELINE.. KOREA

Edited by  
MSGT. Fred G. Braitsch, Jr.

Leatherneck Staff Writer

## Reclaimed

**W**HEN Second Lieutenant A. J. Perrault, USMC, lost his foul weather jacket six years ago in China he never expected to see it again. But he was wrong; his jacket showed up last month in a raided native hut in Korea.

Pfc Hiram Berry Jr., returned the jacket to the lieutenant and recounted the story of its recovery.

The Pfc was a member of a First MAW provost guard which had raided a suspected black market storehouse

TURN PAGE

*Photo by TSgt. R. E. Oland*  
A Marine sentry keeps watch from a lonely mountain outpost overlooking the Korean landscape in the First Division area

## DATELINE KOREA (cont.)

in the native village of Kumhae. During the inventory of the guards' find, Berry uncovered the jacket. It was the standard Marine Corps issue, foul weather coat worn by Marine guard detachments in cold climates. "A. J. PERRAULT" was stenciled in black on the back. The name clicked with Berry. He knew a lieutenant at the base with the same name.

Berry brought the jacket to the lieutenant. Confronted with his long lost jacket and the story of its recovery, Lieutenant Perrault was astonished—and grateful. The frigid Korean winter had set in and cold weather clothing was at a premium.

When Berry left, the lieutenant was still muttering about a Chinese thief and his jacket which showed up six years later in a different country hundreds of miles from where he had lost it.

\* \* \*

### Horse Marine

**M**AJOR General Christian F. Schilt may well be "The Last of the Horse Marines."

On the day before Christmas, a horse called "Bruce" was presented to him by Colonel Victor H. Krulak, First Marine Division Chief of Staff, who got the animal during a Marine advance. Col. Krulak rode the animal about on daily inspections until his recent rotation.

Gen. Schilt, commander of the First Marine Air Wing, had been overheard earlier saying that "a horse'd be nice to have in these hills."

So some of his staff, returning from an emergency airstrip near the front



Official USMC Photo

Pfc Hiram Berry returns a jacket which 2nd Lieut. A. J. Perrault lost six years ago in China. The coat turned up in a Korean village

several days before Christmas, brought the horse to Gen. Schilt's headquarters.

The general's driver, Technical Sergeant Stanley N. Rewinski of Southampton, N. Y., volunteered to care for the horse.

Marines expect Bruce, a little sway-backed at the moment, to develop into

the finest animal in the Far East on his diet of hay, grain and chocolate bars.

\* \* \*

### The "Heir"

**W**HEN a Marine lieutenant in Korea was handed the news that he had just become a father, he found that the information placed him in a very delicate situation.

The Reserve officer who must, for obvious reasons, remain nameless, had been waiting impatiently for word of the blessed event. When at last it arrived, the lieutenant was appalled to find that he couldn't remember what he and his wife had decided to name the child.

For several days he was compelled to write letters referring to the child as "our son", "my heir", "our little angel".

A short while later a card bearing the child's date of birth, weight, measurements, etc., was received by the officer in Korea. But the name had been left out, purposely, it seemed.

Could it be, he wondered, that his wife suspected he'd forgotten the child's name?

Fortunately for the lieutenant, he



Official USMC Photo

Maj. Gen. C. F. Schilt (CG of the 1st MAW) receives Korean horse from Col. G. Morrow

received a copy of a local newspaper which carried an account of his son's birth. The infant's name was listed prominently. Thus enlightened, the lieutenant sat down to write his wife a letter. He made it a point to mention the baby's name at least a dozen times.

The officer then wrote a letter of thanks to his hometown newspaper. As he sealed the envelope he was heard to mutter, "Thank heavens for accurate reporting."

Sgt. Bob Said  
USMC Combat Correspondent

\* \* \*

## Baptism Of Fire

**O**N his first patrol into enemy territory Second Lieutenant John R. Andrisk of Lorain, Ohio, more than proved himself to the 25 men who accompanied him.

Just out of OCS at Quantico, he had arrived in Korea by plane. He had never been in combat before.

The lieutenant had two squads armed with rifles and automatic weapons while on a routine patrol to determine enemy strength. Their mission took them down a hill and into a river valley. It was foggy and cold. Even with a map and compass, it was a



Official USMC Photo

Sen. H. T. Ferguson (R-Mich), Maj. Gen. G. C. Thomas, (then CG, First Marine Division) and Lt. Col. B. W. McLean view enemy lines

perfect day to get lost—or ambushed.

About noon, a strong force of Chinese hit them with everything from rifles to mortars. The lieutenant was one of the first to be wounded. Then more Marines were hit.

From the first shot the patrol was pinned down. The enemy, hidden by fog, poured mortar and machine gun

fire into the Marine ranks. The patrol dug in and returned the fire. Andrisk radioed for reinforcements.

A rescue platoon was dispatched, reinforced with machine guns and mortars. Between it and Andrisk's platoon were three hours of hard walking.

Moving among his men, disregarding his own safety, he encouraged them, directed their fire and treated their wounds. When a man at the front of the patrol was hit, the lieutenant immediately went to him through a hail of enemy small arms fire. He treated the wounded man and carried him back to a protected position. Then the lieutenant was wounded again.

The patrol corpsman attempted to treat Andrisk but was ordered back to treat the other wounded. The lieutenant then returned to the job of directing his unit's fire. He was wounded a third and fourth time and almost disabled. Still he refused treatment.

When the relief platoon finally arrived, the patrol was still in business, maintaining a steady rate of fire. The Chinese had failed to break its spirit, even though they outnumbered the Marine patrol four to one. With the additional firepower of the rescue platoon concentrated on them, the Reds finally broke.

Lieutenant Andrisk, aided by an improvised crutch, led his tired and wounded men back up the hill. At the top, he finally submitted to treatment after seeing that his men were cared for. Next morning he said "So long" to his platoon before he was evacuated.

One of his men summed it up this way: "After that patrol, the guys in this outfit would follow the lieutenant anywhere. He's got guts, the lieutenant has."

Sgt. Walter H. Henderson  
USMC Combat Correspondent

END



Official U. S. Navy Photo

His Eminence, Francis Cardinal Spellman, Archbishop of New York, bestows his blessing on Corporal K. J. Griffin while visiting Korea

# MARINE



W. K. Putnam, first welfare chief, is the association's sixth president

Photos by Joseph P. Marciano

The Marine Corps Fathers' Ass'n. meets on the second Thursday of each month. Inquiries for membership or other data should be addressed to: The Marine Corps Fathers' Association of New York, Inc., MIDSTON HOUSE, 22 E. 38th St., New York 16, N. Y.

by MSgt. Claude R. Lewis

Leatherneck Staff Writer

**F**OR most people Thanksgiving is an annual affair, but a small group of New Yorkers celebrate it every month by giving help to former Marines—with no strings attached. And the group is grateful for the help they are able to give rather than for what they receive in return.

Collectively they are known as the Marine Corps Fathers' Association. Individually, they are doctors, lawyers, dentists, salesmen, and other businessmen from the five boroughs of New York. They are a non-sectarian, interracial group of 156 men who believe in one thing above all else as far as their purpose as an association is concerned: To help former Marines. Their unwritten but self-evident motto is action. Help first; paper work and

# FATHERS



A certificate of appreciation for service rendered to the MCFA is presented to Barney Ross by Alfred Marciano and Sam Dickstien

investigations are secondary considerations.

When the membership meets on the second Thursday of each month, they tally their accomplishments and offer thanks for having been able to aid others; then they ask, "What comes next? Who else needs immediate help?"

It may start with a call from sympathetic neighbors, as in the case of Mrs. W—. When told that her youngest son had contracted a serious illness and had only a short time to live, she suffered a heart attack. She exhausted her limited funds for doctors' fees and medicine for the boy. Her eldest son was a Marine on active duty and Mrs. W— needed his help at home. Neighbors aided financially, supplied a wheelchair for the stricken son, then phoned a New York daily newspaper for further suggestions. The daily immediately referred them to the Marine Corps Fathers' Association.

When a welfare committeeman from

## When three fathers lost their Marine sons in World War II, they devised a way to help Marines who need a lift

MCFA called on Mrs. W— he immediately advanced \$100 to her and arranged for free medical services. Then the MCFA submitted a direct request to obtain her son's release from service.

Not all cases are as tragic as this one. When a father of 11, a policeman on New York's George Washington Bridge, wanted his boy home for Christmas, he called MCFA. The son, in Camp Pendleton, California, was soon to leave the staging area for Korea. He had Christmas leave coming but no money for the trip home. MCFA contacted a west coast friend and arranged

for the boy to be flown home in time for the holidays.

Several members of the MCFA heard that a New York eye bank was dangerously low in its stock of corneas—so vital in restoring damaged eyesight. Sixty Marine Fathers willed their eyes, upon death, to the bank. Two hundred other MFs later pledged their eyes. Barney Ross, former Marine and friend of the MCFA, offered one of his eyes at once if it was needed.

Such immediate, direct action is routine for the MCFA. It has grown from the realization of a few men that New York's overburdened welfare agencies could not handle all of the cases which arose during, and after, World War II.

In 1942, Julius Keilson, Lazarus Joseph and Edward Quinn, three fathers of Marines killed in action, formed the nucleus of the present day association. Their aim was to bring immediate aid to any Marine or former Marine who found himself in need. Like their sons, the trio strongly believed in the American way of life and they were willing to spend a lifetime making their plan work. From this small but aggressive beginning the association's ranks swelled with men whose Marine sons had been killed in action or who were still overseas.

When New York's first World War II Marine dead began arriving from Pacific battlefields, members of the MCFA contacted each next of kin and expressed their sympathy. They also offered to assist in making funeral arrangements. The fact that many of

TURN PAGE



## MARINE FATHERS (cont.)

these MCFA minute men (60 of them are Gold Star fathers) had experienced this same grief aided them in providing an understanding measure of the support and comfort needed by the bereaved families. The help and solace provided by these men have been acknowledged in many letters of thanks from grateful parents.

During the lull between the end of World War II and the start of hostilities in Korea, active interest in the MCFA dwindled. But a handful of men kept the organization in operation by donating all their free time and whatever funds they could raise from dinners and boxing matches. They answered every call for assistance, visited hospitalized servicemen, and tried to rebuild their membership to its former wartime strength.

As Marines began returning from Korea an extra burden was thrust upon the MCFA. Cais for aid rose several hundred per cent almost overnight. But the Marine fathers were prepared for this initial assault upon their resources. When the movie, "Halls Of Montezuma", was shown at the Roxy in New York, the entire first night's proceeds went to the MCFA for its Korean dependents' fund; to be used exclusively for dependents of Marines who have



Victor Goller and Richard Nierenberg have a double stake in the MCFA for both are ex-Marines and both have had sons in the Corps



Marine great-grandfather John Mattauer reads a letter from his grandson to Theodore Nagel, the MCFA treasurer, and Al Primiano

served in Korea. It is not an unlimited fund and some members have expressed the fear that the supply will not meet the demand. Regardless of their fears, the fathers don't hoard the fund. Rather, they administer it in the same manner as all of the MCFA's loans. If a person is able to repay, MCFA is glad to be reimbursed; if not, no questions are asked. The fathers wouldn't lend a nickel for a business venture but they would bankrupt their treasury to help someone in an emergency.

Eligibility for regular membership in the association requires that each member be the father of a Marine or former Marine. This blood tie does not keep out ex-Marines who don't have a son in the Corps for they may become associate members.

Many prominent New Yorkers and former Marines are associate MFs. They include Barney Ross; Gene Ward, sports writer for the New York Daily News; Dan Parker, columnist with the New York Daily Mirror; and Barry Gray, New York radio emcee.

Aside from its regular and associate membership the MCFA numbers among its friends (to whom it sometimes turns for assistance) columnists Ed Sullivan, Cecil Johnson, Jimmy Powers and



The MFs always follow up their initial assault upon an emergency case. Here Leo Kohn, welfare chairman, asks if more help is needed

Michael O'Brien; Congressman Clark W. Thompson, Texas; Judge Matthew Troy, Special Sessions; Judge Jonah Goldstein, County Court, N. Y.; Sol Trop, Probation Dept., Kings County; and James J. Phillips, Secretary of Controllers Office, N. Y. Invaluable aid has been given the welfare committee of the MFs by their close association and cooperation with the Brooklyn Bureau of Social Services, the Jewish Family Service and the New York City Department of Welfare.

Although the association has no official connection with the Marine Corps, two former commandants have written letters to the fathers expressing thanks for their service to former Marines. In addition, the Marine Corps Rehabilitation Office at the Brooklyn Navy Yard works in close cooperation with the fathers.

The Marine Corps Fathers have an intense pride in the accomplishments of their association. To the Marine Corps' *Semper Fidelis* they have added *Patres*, and their goal is echoed in their motto, "May no Marine ever say, 'The Fathers Forgot'". **END**

## **A deaf ear is turned to business ventures but when a former Marine is in trouble, the fathers get him squared away if it's possible**



Joseph Milana, whose circus name was Ajax, swallows a sword for fellow MCFA members.

He devotes all his free time to entertaining hospitalized veterans. He had two sons in Corps



Leatherneck will pay \$5.00 for each W-T-M item accepted for publication

Edited by Sgt. John P. McConnell

### Commandant's Farewell

Low, gray clouds spread a wintry roof over the crowd gathered outside Marine Corps Headquarters in the late afternoon of December 29th. Inside, Marines and civilian employees lined the passageway from the Commandant's offices on the second deck to the street—others wangled view-posts at the windows on the north side of the four-story building. The U.S. Marine Band and honor guard from Eighth and Eye Streets stood at parade rest,



Official USMC Photo  
General Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr., new Corps Commandant, makes initial speech before H.Q. personnel in Washington



General Clifton B. Cates salutes colors for the last time as Marine Corps Commandant. During

his farewell speech, the General noted that there were few dull moments during his tour in office

Photo By Sgt. Leslie S. Smith

ready to honor the 19th Commandant as he took his official departure from the Corps' highest position.

Promptly at 1600, General Clifton B. Cates led his staff and guests through the doorway.

Television and newsreel cameras began grinding the instant Gen. Cates accepted the salute and inspected the honor guard. Then in a voice filled with recollections of four eventful years, he told the assembled group that his departure was not to be taken as a "goodbye."

"I'm not going far away," he said, referring to his assignment as Commandant of the Marine Corps Schools at Quantico, a short 30 miles distant. This is the same post Gen. Cates held when President Truman selected him as Commandant of the Marine Corps in 1948. Since the Corps carries only one four star rank, that of the Commandant, Gen. Cates will step down to the three-starred rank of lieutenant general.

The outgoing boss thanked all hands for their "most loyal support" during his tour as Commandant. "In the past four years, we have had very few dull moments." The truth was a modest understatement. Under his guidance, the Corps warded off attempts to decrease its strength; tightened peacetime resources to keep its striking ability from being cropped by budgetary demands; and mushroomed overnight to new glory as a fighting organization. Offhand, no one could recall the dull moments the general had mentioned.

"This is not goodbye—I'll be seeing you," Gen. Cates remarked as the green limousine arrived. He followed his wife and daughter into the vehicle, waved a final "thank you" as the car eased away from the curb and rolled through the gate, its four silver stars shining on the red field. . . .

SSgt. Robert A. Sukosky

## Recruit In Home Stretch

Pfc Morton Waldeck, Jr., 22, of Sturtevant, Wisconsin, was all set to begin his boot leave until he found out that he had no dress trousers.

His pants were on special order from the Depot of Supplies in Philadelphia, a job that usually requires six weeks. Waldeck is six feet tall, weighs 245 pounds and measures 44 inches in circumference.

Mrs. Morton Waldeck, Sr., anxiously awaiting her son's arrival, wrote to the Commandant of the Marine Corps:

"I did a lot of baking and went to a lot of extra work because I expected Bud home Friday. Now I don't know when he will be home. . . .

"What puzzles me is, didn't Bud look rather silly marching in review before

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Official USMC Photo

Private Maurice Waller tickles the ivory as friends look on at the Parris Island rifle range. His father was late musician, "Fats" Waller



Metropolitan Photo By Paul Schenck

During "Lady Marines" premiere in New York City, 2nd Lt. Marie Diamond and TSgt. Anne Perregin gave out first hand information

## WE—THE MARINES (cont.)

you and the other commanding officers in his shorts?"

In the meantime Pfc Waldeck's pants had arrived; his clothing issue was completed and his leave papers were signed.



Mrs. Waldeck was assured by Headquarters that all Marine recruits wear utility uniforms, of appropriate size, while in training.

PIO  
Department of Defense

### Russian-Born Marine

Pfc Vlad Trembl, of Camp Lejeune, believes that democracy can win in Russia. He should know; he was born and raised in the USSR.

Stating flatly that the majority of Russians are opposed to the present Communist regime, quiet, bespectacled Trembl is confident that "The Russian people will surrender in a fight against the forces of democracy if it means they will rid themselves of the yoke of Stalin and Communism."

A native of Kharkov, former capital of the Ukraine, the Second Division Marine now lives in Brooklyn with his mother. Mrs. Trembl was at one time Dean of Languages at the University of Kharkov.

The Trembls were brought to this country a year ago from Munich, Germany by the International Refugee Organization. In 1943 Trembl and his mother, living in Kharkov under German rule, were told by the Gestapo that they would leave for Czechoslovakia in six hours.

They were kept in Prague for six months before being sent to Austria. In Austria they were moved from one labor camp to another.

In order to escape being sent back to Russia at the end of the war, Trembl and his mother changed their papers to identify themselves as Czechs. Later they escaped to the American zone of occupation where Trembl became an interpreter for the International Refugee Organization. While in Munich, he made three broadcasts over the Voice of America.

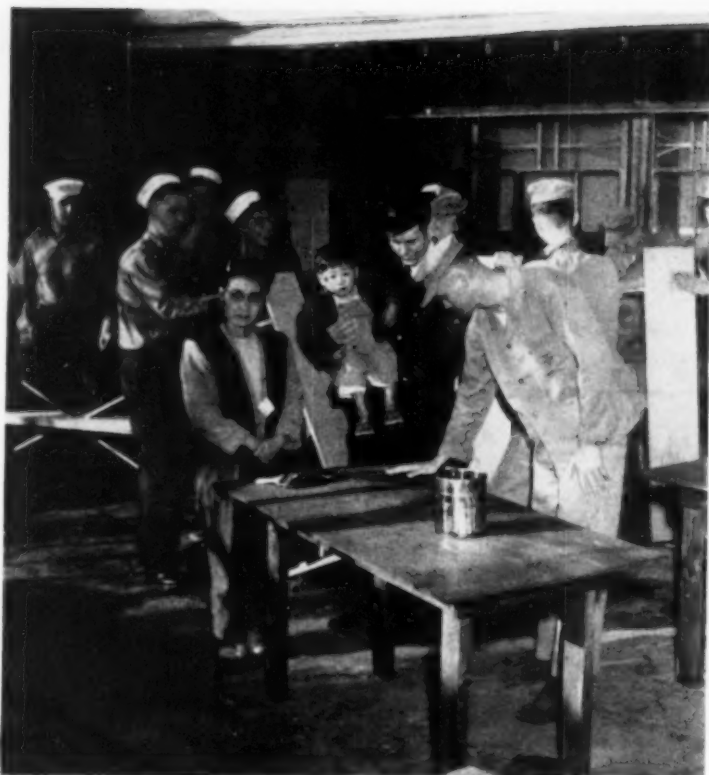


Photo By MSgt. Fred Braitsch  
Marines of ComNavFe security guard paint and redecorate Tokyo orphanage in spare time. Sailors share work on flourishing project

Trembl feels today that the Russian people are the greatest threat to Stalin's power. "After 34 years under Communist rule the majority of the Russian people have completely turned against Communism and what it has done to their country," he said.

PIO  
Second Marine Division

### War Orphans

A group of Sailors and Marines in Tokyo have opened their hearts to some of Japan's war orphans and are trying to make life a little brighter for the kids. Their kindness is helping to change the orphanage's name from "House for War Orphans" to "Home of Affection".

The Sailors and Marines are from the Commander, Naval Forces, Far East guard unit. Led by Chief Boat-swain's Mate Richard Peterson, the group spends its off-duty hours cleaning, painting and fixing up the home so that it will be a little more liveable for the unfortunate children.

When the orphanage was discovered

by a Navy chief a few years back, it was badly run-down. The tile roof leaked, porch supports were crumbling, and broken windows had been replaced with sheets of cardboard. The house itself, built for eight people, was overflowing with 70 children. The orphanage was in dire need of financial help when Tokyo servicemen picked up the challenge.

Paint splattered Marines and Sailors, wielding brushes and hammers, swarmed over the buildings.

A Japanese plasterer was hired to repair the damaged walls. Cardboard windows were replaced with glass, and once again sunlight found its way inside the home. This time it fell upon brighter surroundings. Mess tables and benches, built by the Navy carpenter shop, were installed in the dining room and the orphanage began to take on a homey atmosphere.

Collections were taken up on pay days at Tokyo Navy headquarters and money for the essentials of life began to pour into the orphanage's empty cashbox. Because of help from thoughtful sailors, Marines and other contribu-

tors, the future now looks brighter for the youngsters. With the continuance of such monetary and physical support, the orphanage will be able to properly care for its charges.

"Ai ji-no-ie" (the home's official name) was founded seven years ago by Mrs. Sadayo Ishikawa when she noticed several children, orphaned by the war, lurking around Tokyo subway entrances. Their needs touched her heart. She took them into her home and fed and clothed them; within a short time her gathering skyrocketed to 70 children. She just couldn't see children going hungry and homeless. "Such children," she said, "are the innocent victims of war. If left alone, they may become criminals. With the proper care, they will become proud and worthy citizens for the reestablishment of a cultural Japan."

The hearts of American servicemen have opened to the kids of the East as they try to take the place of the children's long-lost parents. And these American Marines and Sailors are leaving behind symbols of kindness and generosity that will long remain after the American servicemen have gone home from Japan. Their kindness has

established more good will between two peoples than could any treaty.

MSgt. Fred G. Braitsch

### "Shadow Men"

It is only a company, yet it commands a division. Its every word is accepted as gospel. On its action hinges the success or failure of the mission. This is the reconnaissance company—the eyes and ears of the invasion force.

The Second Marine Division recently put its reconnaissance outfit to a successful test by using the "shark and shadow" routine in advance of the simulated invasion of Vieques Island.

These in-front-of-the-front-lines Marines are learning to distinguish landmarks and installations distorted by darkness or camouflage. They are being taught to make quick and accurate estimates and to correlate their findings.

More subjects are being added continually to the reconnaissance man's curriculum as modern warfare grows more complex. Included is an extensive course in mapping and photo interpretation.

The "Shadow Men" are taught to

make their way, fully clothed and equipped, across a large body of water. Doing this while carrying "wounded" buddies, and swimming underwater are two more phases of the training going on at Camp Lejeune.

For the "Shadow Men" their training is rough; their job in combat is danger-plus and their only reward is a "well done". Their morale is tops. Requests for transfers are as rare as grandmothers in a chorus line.

### Christmas Story

More than 200 South Korean orphans are convinced that Santa Claus lives in the United States, not the North Pole.

On Christmas Day they received a tentful of gifts from hundreds of donors representing 28 states—sent in response to appeals by Marines at an airbase near the orphanage.

Included were 40 cartons of clothing from a school in Ohio, 25 toy cars from a Chicago manufacturer, scores of checks and money orders, and 25 seabags full of toys from a Boston Marine just home from Korea.

Originators of "Operation Santa

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## WE—THE MARINES (cont.)

Claus" were Sergeant Frank W. Czech of Chicago and Chaplain Joseph A. Sullivan of Newport, R. I., who interested other Marines in telling hometown newspapers of the youngsters' bleak Yule prospects.

Both the children and orphanage officials were amazed at the tremendous response.

"A lot of little people doing a lot of big things," observed Father Sullivan.

PIO  
Headquarters, Marine Corps

### Leatherneck Cartoons

District Headquarters Recruiting Service, Minneapolis, is putting its extra copies of the Leatherneck magazine to good use. One copy is sent each month to the editor of the Minneapolis Star.

Cartoons from the Leatherneck have been appearing once or twice a week on the editorial page of the Star.

Star writers reportedly consider Leatherneck's humor the best of all the service and trade newspaper cartoons.

"The Midwestern"

### CWO O'Neal Retires

Commissioned Warrant Officer L. E. O'Neal received the congratulations of Major General A. H. Noble, Department of the Pacific Commanding General, and other friends in San Francisco when he retired recently after 30 years Marine Corps service.

During WW II he served with the Third Amphibious Corps in the Bougainville, Guam and Okinawa campaigns. After the war he accompanied the First Marine Division to China.

His future plans include two things: golf and fishing.

PIO  
Department of the Pacific

### New Heavy Tank

A pilot model of a heavy tank of entirely new design has been completed in the Chrysler Delaware Tank Plant at Newark, Delaware.

The first Chrysler-assembled pilot model of the new heavy tank, designed by Army Ordnance and Chrysler Corporation, was completed less than 11 months from the date the tank-building contract was announced and only ten months after ground was broken for the construction of the tank plant.

While details of the tank are still under security restrictions, Army ordnance officials have declared that the new heavy tank will outslug any land-fighting machine ever built. **END**



Official USMC Photo

Second Marine Division reconnaissance men display latest fashions in camouflage at Camp Lejeune. Even rifle muzzles are concealed



Official USMC Photo

Working in pairs, reconnaissance men apply grotesque face markings which blend with underbrush. Designs vary according to background



*ES* Virginia Mayo *ES*

# Leatherneck SPORTS

by SSgt. Bob Suhosky

Leatherneck Sports Editor



USMC Photo by Albert L. Greenwell

## Camp Lejuene-UNC field meet was scene of a remarkable action shot

**2**UANTICO'S Bobby Jones—who prefers an oval track to any golf course—has done a fast turn in some of the best circles. Jones is a distance runner intent on representing the Marine Corps on the United States Olympic track team. Another thinclad, Tom Rogers, of Camp Pendleton, has similar intentions. Both men portend to be two of the best cindermen around the Corps.

Jones acquired his habit of establishing new time marks during high school and college days. Partial to the long distances—the 1000 yard, half-mile and mile events—he hit his best mile pace last year at the New Orleans Mid-Winter Sports Association's Sugar Bowl festivities. Finishing in a creditable fourth place, he clocked the mile at 4:17. Jones was rambling for Georgia Tech at the time. Alf Holmberg, a Swedish exchange student running for the University of Tennessee, won the event by breaking the tape at 4:16.2. While breezing through George

Washington High School in hometown Alexandria, Va., Bobby set two national track records. In the Southern Conference indoor championships at Chapel Hill, N. C., he covered the 1000 yard run in 2:17.5. The National AAU meet in New York's Madison Square Garden was the scene of his second triumph; he took first place in the mile run with a time of 4:26. His last high school attempt in 1949 saw him tally twice in the District of Columbia Metropolitan track championships. He smashed his own previous time for the half-mile with a 1:59 performance. His 4:28 finish for the mile still stands.

As a freshman at North Carolina State, he set a new school mark by running a 4:22 mile. The next year he transferred to Georgia Tech, became one of the four men on the six-mile cross country team.

Competition at the military eliminations for Olympic berths, to be held in Los Angeles this June, will demand a grueling pace. Jones' warm-ups in-

clude the Washington Evening Star Games, the Philadelphia Inquirer Games, the AAU and the IC4A contests at Madison Square Garden.

Bobby Jones can be reasonably confident; his Sugar Bowl time is 11 seconds better than the official Marine Corps mile mark.

\* \* \*

**K**ENNY Davis, amateur featherweight champion of the world, was honored with another trophy when the Los Angeles Times acknowledged him as the outstanding amateur boxer of 1951. Last year, Davis, sponsored by the Times, carried Camp Pendleton's banner to the International Golden Gloves program at Chicago after stopping all Southern California contenders. After watching the Chicago fights, Gene Tunney (former Marine and undefeated world's heavyweight champion) called Davis "the greatest amateur featherweight I have seen."

Now at the Marine base at San

Diego, Davis headlined the recruit depot's entry in the San Diego Golden Gloves tournament.

\* \* \*

**N**EWSPAPERS from Chicago and New York fathered the Golden Gloves in 1928. Arch Ward, veteran Chicago sports editor, introduced the Gloves to international prominence in 1937, and—except for the war years—the bouts between European and American amateurs have gained in popularity and success. State Department officials sanctioned the Washington, D. C. international tourney as a means of furthering closer understanding among nations. Only two years old, the Washington event is described annually as one of the greatest sporting attractions of the year.

The Europeans have won by a 5-3 count both years. Last year they had to punch their way past a Marine to score.

Eldridge Thompson, Quantico's light heavyweight titlist, captained the Washington team and proved that a champion can lose and still win. Tommy entered the ring in the final bout of the evening, carrying through the ropes with him the hope of the American team to salvage at least a tie. In a surprising upset fight, he was decisively won by Sweden's Stig Sjolín. But his spirit, sportsmanship and sense of fair play—which had bolstered the D. C. team in previous matches—never faltered. Although he lost in last year's finals, Tommy came back to win in his division in this year's tournament.

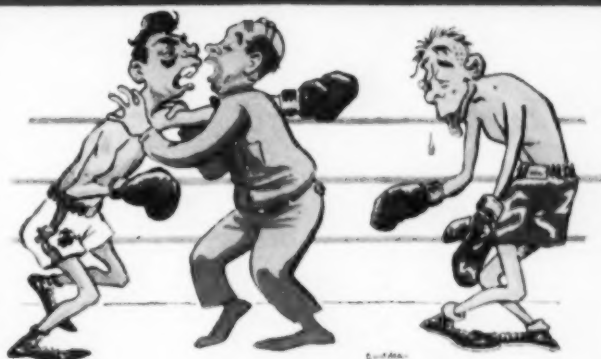
\* \* \*

**I**T was the opening game of last year's basketball season. The 1200 fans, who had roared lustily as the Camp Lejeune team surged to within one point of tying East Carolina Teachers College, became silent. With only seconds remaining, the outcome of Lejeune's first basketball game in huge Goettge Memorial field house depended on the heavy-set guard who was nonchalantly bouncing the ball at the foul line. Then, with more outward calm than most of the excited spectators, genial George "Bimbo" Singer arched a shot through the hoop to tie the game at 57-all and force an overtime period. Lejeune won, 63-62, with the aid of another free throw by Singer. The win sent the Marines off to the best season ever recorded by a Lejeune squad. They won the Sixth Naval District championship, were runners-up in the Eastern All-Marine finals and ended the season with a 36-7 mark.

An ex-Washington and Jefferson College performer, Bimbo Singer didn't make too many headlines playing for

TURN PAGE

## sport short



**T**HE trainer was working hard and fast to stem the flow of claret coming from the cut over "Irish Eddy's" eye. Things had gone well until the previous round—the eighth. Then cagey "Flash" Gordon, recognized as welterweight champion of the South, abraded the flesh over Eddy's right eye. The cut was slight, but Gordon saw his opportunity and followed through, jabbing the vulnerable spot repeatedly.

The referee questioned "Irish Eddy" Kiernan, "How about it, Eddy, kin ya go on?"

"Sure," the wiry fighter replied. "I'm awright. This is nothing."

And Kiernan was right. Although the wound looked bad, it had done little damage to the Irishman's stamina. His handler protested but Eddy voted him down. He knew his chances; he was leading on points with only two rounds to go. He could make it.

In that split second which lasts an infinity, Kiernan recalled an earlier time in his boxing career when Fate had tagged him out. After winning 24 of 25 amateur bouts, Gene Kiernan, a lightweight out of Brooklyn, tried to turn professional but was refused a license because the athletic commission claimed he had a heart murmur. He proved them wrong by passing the physical exam for the Marine Corps Reserve, but before he could go back for his license, the Marines whisked him off to active duty. He kept at the sport as an amateur, and it wasn't until the Pacific war was settled that Kiernan hit the money ring. Stationed at Parris Island where he coached the box-

ing team during the day, Gene would steal off to do battle with some worthy contender. Kiernan thought he was getting away unnoticed—but his CO was usually sitting somewhere in the front rows. It was in 1948 at Charleston, S.C., that Kiernan faced Gordon, in their still-talked-about ten-round match.

The bell clanged for round nine and Kiernan shuffled lightly out of his corner. If he could hold his lead for these next two stanzas, the fight was his.

In the first mix, Gordon went after Kiernan's eye, and whacked the cut wide open. Despite Eddy's efforts to cover himself, Gordon spread the wound during the infighting. The crowd howled approval of the bloody sight but the referee didn't go for it; he stepped between the two fighters and raised Gordon's arm for a technical knockout. Kiernan felt crushed.

Before either fighter had left the ring, the master of ceremonies, in his best basso, announced a rematch of the two. The Marine looked upon this as a just reward and turned to with a vengeance. Two weeks before the fight, when Eddy was nearing the peak of condition, "Flash" Gordon piled up a motorcycle in Florida and broke his back. Eddy's hope to redeem himself was broken, too.

Gunny Kiernan decided that the luck of the Irish in the ring was not his. He hung up his gloves and turned to the more passive role of training young aspirants for the ring. Right now he's managing a punch-packed Quantico boxing team.

END



USMC Photo

Bobby Jones, Quantico thinclad who clocked the mile in 4:17, is now getting ready for military eliminations of the Olympic trials in June

Lejeune, but he was at all times a steady, dependable team player.

Before the opening game of this year's campaign, Lejeune players, fans, and opponents from Langley Air Base paused as taps sounded in reverent tribute to the memory of a great athlete, gentleman and Marine; George Singer had been reported killed in action in Korea.

\*\*\*

**F**REDDY Lenn, who handled Quantico's leather-pushers last year, is now managing the El Toro mittmen. Lenn's most successful promotions to date have been boxing smokers on an

intramural level. His biggest headache: the scarcity of quality material. But once Lenn discovers a good boxing prospect, expect him to draw out the best in a fighter. Personable and smart, he's a master of ring strategy.

\*\*\*

**B**EFORE leaving Korea on rotation, soft-spoken Eddie LeBaron, the "Little Magician" of college, service and professional football, said that he expects to leave the Corps in September. After that, his plans are "indefinite." Earlier reports had indicated that LeBaron was considering the Marines as a career.

Three times chosen Little All-American quarterback, LeBaron was signed by the Washington Redskins in 1950. He made only two exhibition games with the pros before reporting to Quantico. The Redskins eyed LeBaron as a much-needed slug of firewater, since their National Football status was slipping. Smoke signals imply that the former College of Pacific wizard will probably return to the tribe. Baugh can't go on forever.

\*\*\*

**O**NE of the best remembered witticisms attributed to good natured Larry Killick, Camp Lejeune's former assistant basketball coach, happened last year when he was holding down one of the forward positions on the New River five. Larry was acting as team captain at the time; the contest was a struggle all the way, with both teams reluctant to allow a scoring spree.



The referee caught a Lejeune player in the midst of hacking and proceeded with the dramatics. He unleashed a mighty blast on his war-surplus whistle, waved his arms frantically to indicate the infractions and the offender, then stomped downcourt shouting a barrage of mumbled phrases. At the opposite foul line he placed the ball on the floor and stood like a pompous monarch, arms folded across his chest. (Such antics have been plaguing the game since basketball first appeared on television.) It was more than Killick could endure.

"Mr. Referee," Larry protested mildly, "surely you jest. At no time did the man's hands leave his wrists!"

The official was unmoved. "That's no excuse," he boomed. "It's still a foul!"

Killick, a Reservist since released to inactive duty, has retired to Burlington, Vt., to perfect an invention rumored to transform every parlor into a basketball court. A boom is expected in the sale of inverted lampshades.

\*\*\*

**W**INTER weather around Parris Island had been inclement, a fact which put a wet blanket on a favorite pastime—fishing. But Parris Island, well-supplied with water, aquatic vertebrates and fearless fishermen, still recalled a tale of two fish that didn't get away. Technical Sergeant

Jack Antonelli, who wisely leaves cobia and the like to those with bigger appetites, landed a pair of speckled trout that confounded Island fishing statistics.

Antonelli likes to drop his line from the Page Field bridge. After weeks of going home empty-handed, he almost convinced himself that there was plenty of recreation to be had but no fish.

Then he reeled in a 23-inch speckled

trout that weighed five and three-quarter pounds. Proudly he toted his excellent catch home to the skillet.



Next day he discovered that the tasty meal he, his wife, and a neighboring couple enjoyed was a record strike at

P.I. Undismayed, he resigned himself; reported, "It sure was good eating."

After work he resumed his vigil at the favored spot. Shortly he pulled in another prize: 22 inches long, five and one-quarter pounds. Enroute to the pan, Jack halted the fish at the post photo lab long enough to record the second catch on film.

Reason: he's trying to prove that it can happen more often than "just once in a lifetime." **END**



Boston's Ted Williams, who headlined a trio of big league players recalled by the Corps, caused speculation on whether he would play ball in the Marines. Also notified were Gerry Coleman of the Yanks and Lloyd Merriman of the Reds



Penites dubbed Gorgeous George as "Marines' wrestler of year." Sgt. Houghton gave award

# BULLETIN BOARD

## UCMJ Correspondence Course

The Naval Correspondence Course Center will accept applications from Marine Corps personnel, of all grades, for enrollment in the Uniform Code of Military Justice Course. This course has been made available to enlisted Marine personnel to afford every opportunity for instruction and information on this subject.

Applications by enlisted personnel should be made on form NavPers 992, forwarded through official channels to the Director, Extension School, Marine Corps Educational Center, Marine Corps Schools, Quantico, Virginia, for approval and forwarding to the Naval Correspondence Course Center.

## "Indian Head" Reunion

The thirty-first reunion of the Army's Second (Indian Head) Division Association will be held July 24-26 in San Antonio, Texas. Marines who served with the division at any time are invited to attend. (During WW I the Fourth Marine Brigade, composed of the Fifth and Sixth Marine Regiments and the 6th Machine Gun Battalion, was part of the "Indian Head" Division.)

For further information contact National President Robert C. Barr, 116 N. 3d St., Camden 2, N.J.

## Civilian Job Reinstatement

A special distribution of the leaflet entitled "Reinstatement Rights of Persons Who Leave Positions to Enter posts and stations, Recruiting Divisions, and to Marine Corps Reserve Activities. An additional 100,000 copies will soon be in stock at the Depots of Supplies, Philadelphia, Pa., and San Francisco, Calif.

Headquarters, Marine Corps desires that every Marine discharged or separated have a copy of the leaflet in his possession. Those who have not received a copy of this leaflet may obtain one from the nearest Department of Labor office.

## Household Goods

According to Headquarters, Marine Corps, many personnel who have received permanent change of station orders to a West Coast Training and Replacement Command are shipping their household goods to the West Coast. Although such orders may not specify further assignment to a replacement draft, in practically every case such further assignment is expected.

Personnel are cautioned that this shipment of household goods to the new station as authorized under such orders will constitute shipment to a point of selection in event the individual concerned is assigned to a replacement draft. Upon departure of the replacement draft for overseas, further shipment of the household goods at government expense is not authorized by either the original orders or the orders transferring the draft overseas.

When a person is in receipt of orders to a Training and Replacement Command, the shipping officer will suggest that shipment of household goods (other than temporary allowances) be withheld, or that the effects be placed in non-temporary storage at origin, until it can be determined whether the duty is to be of a temporary or permanent nature. Such action may preclude a subsequent checkage of pay to cover shipment of the household goods from the West Coast point to the home of selection in case the person goes overseas with a replacement draft. Further details are included in Marine Corps Memorandum No. 113-51.

## Regular Commissions

A Marine Corps request to commission 1000 Reserve officers as Regulars has been approved by the Secretary of Defense, subject to approval of administrative procedures and necessary regulations, according to an announcement by Headquarters, Marine Corps.

When the required approval has been obtained the Marine Corps will offer careers in the service to Reservists who request appointment as Regular officers.

The Marine Corps, last April, opened its regular enlisted ranks to qualified Reservists who wished to make a career of service in the Corps.

# LOVING A MARINE



Loving a Marine is not always gay,  
For with the price you must pay,  
It's mostly loving, but not to hold,  
It's being young and feeling old,  
It's sending a letter with an upside-down  
stamp.

To a far away lover in a far away camp;  
Being in love with merely your dreams  
Brings thoughts of heaven where love-  
light gleams.

You wish it were possible for him to  
phone,

You want him to say, "I'm on my way  
home."

And when he comes in, the laughing  
together—

Unconscious of people, of time and  
weather.

It's having him whisper his love for  
you—

It's whispering back that you love him  
too.

Then comes a kiss, a promise of love,  
Knowing you're watched by God above.  
Reluctantly, painfully, letting him go;  
While you're crying inside, wanting him  
so.

Days go by, no mail for a spell,  
You wait for a word that he is well,  
And when the letter comes, you shiver  
with joy,  
And act like a child with a shiny new  
toy.

It's loving a Marine, the boy you adore,  
And hating the world, yourself and the  
war.

And it's going to church to kneel and  
pray,

And really meaning all the things that  
you say,

And though you know that he's far  
away,

You love him more and more each day.

Loving a Marine is bitterness and tears,  
It's loneliness and tears, sadness and  
unfounded fears.

No, loving a Marine is really no fun,  
But it's worth the price when the battle  
is won.

by Miss Beverly Regan



# CITATIONS and AWARDS for service in Korea



## THE NAVY CROSS

... for extraordinary heroism. ...

Col. Homer L. Litzberg, Jr.  
Capt. Richard R. Breen  
Capt. Samuel S. Smith, Jr.  
1stLt. Walton R. Abell  
1stLt. Harrison F. Betts  
1stLt. Darsie M. Booker, Jr. (Posthumous)  
1stLt. Bernard W. Christofferson  
SSgt. James C. Davis (Posthumous)  
SSgt. Daniel M. Murphy  
Sgt. John M. C. Mamy  
Sgt. Earl F. Peach (Posthumous)  
Sgt. Clayton L. Roberts (Posthumous)  
Corp. Joseph B. Leeds (Posthumous)  
Corp. Jack V. Williams (Posthumous)  
Pfc Russell J. Seldal

## DISTINGUISHED SERVICE MEDAL

... meritorious conduct in the per-  
formance of outstanding service. ...

Major General Gerald C. Thomas

## SILVER STAR MEDAL

... for conspicuous gallantry and  
intrepidity against the enemy. ...

1stLt. James T. Cranin (2nd award)  
1stLt. Marace L. Johnson, Jr. (2nd award)  
SSgt. Charles H. Larsen (Posthumous—2nd  
award)  
LtCol. William McReynolds  
LtCol. James B. Moore  
LtCol. William G. Thrash  
Major Edward L. Barker  
Major Charles M. Runn  
Major David W. McFarland  
1stLt. Sidney H. Millard, Jr.  
1stLt. Walter Jung  
1stLt. William A. McClelland  
1stLt. Robert B. McCall  
1stLt. John J. Swards  
2ndLt. James T. McGoey  
Sgt. Frank A. Golemi  
Sgt. James G. Curry, Jr.  
Sgt. Richard W. Keer  
Sgt. Clarence N. Von Meter  
Corp. Richard N. Phillips (Posthumous)  
Corp. Walter J. Smyk, Jr. (Posthumous)  
Corp. John W. Wishard  
Pfc Fred L. File  
Pfc Gerald E. Ingraham (Posthumous)  
Pfc Lester R. Taylor, Jr.

## LEGION OF MERIT

... for exceptionally meritorious  
conduct in the performance of out-  
standing services to the Government  
of the United States. ...

LtCol. Carl A. Youngdale (3rd award with  
Combat "V")  
LtCol. Raymond G. Davis (Combat "V")  
LtCol. Robert L. Schreier (Combat "V")  
Major Douglas K. Morton (Combat "V")  
Capt. Gildo S. Cadispoli (Combat "V")  
Capt. Fred R. Philpot (Combat "V")  
1stLt. Frank C. Trumble (Combat "V")

## DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS (Gold Star in lieu of ... award)

... for extraordinary achievement  
in aerial flights. ...

Capt. Charles Parker (4th award)  
1stLt. Robert A. Longstaff (4th award)  
Capt. William F. Guss (3rd award)  
LtCol. Walter E. Lischeld (Posthumous—2nd  
award)  
Capt. Frank Ashe (2nd award)

Capt. James E. Peters (2nd award)  
Capt. Eugene J. Smyth, Jr. (2nd award)  
2ndLt. George A. Dinsdale (2nd award)

## DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS (First Award)

Col. Carson A. Roberts  
Major James W. Dougherty  
Major Edgar L. Smith  
Capt. Ronald A. Cates  
Capt. Patrick J. Doyson  
Capt. "J" "D" Hembree  
Capt. Thomas J. Morgan, Jr.  
Capt. Edwin J. McGee  
Capt. Joseph M. P. Morin  
Capt. George Mottl  
Capt. Joseph A. Murphy, Jr.  
Capt. Richard E. Patterson  
Capt. John E. Siederholm, Jr.  
Capt. Edward D. Smith  
Capt. Frederick A. Vernon  
Capt. Frank E. Wilson  
Capt. Rex Wilson  
Capt. Richard A. Waters  
1stLt. Jack W. Morris  
1stLt. John L. Lapire  
1stLt. Arthur W. Postman  
2ndLt. Ralph A. Graninger  
2ndLt. "L" "G" Linman  
2ndLt. Dean C. Macho  
2ndLt. Francis H. Thurston  
MSgt. James F. A. Jones  
MSgt. Keith A. Keller  
MSgt. Harry T. Lennen

## NAVY AND MARINE CORPS MEDAL

... for heroic conduct. ...

TSgt. Walter D. Graas  
SSgt. Donald M. Long  
Pfc Harold J. Cinto

## BRONZE STAR MEDAL

... for meritorious achievement.

LtCol. Robert L. Schreier (2nd award)  
1stLt. Robert A. Fayle (2nd award)  
Pfc Charles Ayers (2nd award)  
Col. Alexander G. Bunker  
Col. Bankson T. Halcomb, Jr.  
Major Edward L. Roberts  
Major Merwin H. Silverthorn, Jr.  
Major Harold P. Williamson  
Capt. Alvin Mackin  
Capt. Jack A. Smith  
1stLt. Fred W. Conner, Jr.  
1stLt. James B. O'Banion  
1stLt. Thomas A. Patterson  
2ndLt. Edward W. Le Baron, Jr.  
2ndLt. Arthur A. Oakley (Posthumous)  
2ndLt. Vaughn R. Stuart  
MSgt. Charles R. Halverstadt  
TSgt. Paul E. Meister, Jr. (Posthumous)  
SSgt. Robert W. Jones  
SSgt. William G. Lapsley  
Sgt. John M. Anderson  
Sgt. Matthew R. Butler  
Sgt. Richard D. Krauer  
Sgt. Lesian McCoy  
Sgt. James R. Myers  
Sgt. Augustine J. Scalfidi  
Corp. Louis L. De Pazze  
Corp. Raymond E. Dolan (Posthumous)  
Corp. Merle E. Harkcom  
Corp. Lawrence D. Johnson  
Corp. Andrew J. Macchia  
Corp. Orville L. Miller  
Pfc Morgan B. Brainard, III  
Pfc John P. Coulahan  
Pfc Doyle M. Dobbs  
Pfc Jeremiah S. Dunleavy  
Pfc Verne Goodfield  
Pfc Virgil D. Lawson  
Pfc Henry Loboda  
Pfc Louis L. Lindsey  
Pfc Ralph N. McCuen  
Pfc Donald C. Neff  
Pfc Carl R. Spear

# CASUALTIES

Marine Corps casualties, dead, missing and wounded released by Marine Corps Headquarters from December 2, 1951 to January 1, 1952

## DEAD

### ARIZONA

TART, James R., Pfc, Phoenix

### CALIFORNIA

LOCKHART, Jack N., TSgt., Elsinore  
ROGERS, Eugene J., Pfc, Santa Cruz

### CONNECTICUT

THWAITERS, Donald E., Pfc, Bridgeport

### ILLINOIS

CHUTE, Ralph E., Pfc, Evanston  
SCHICK, Robert A., Pfc, Chicago

### IOWA

ALMONRODE, Clifford, Corp., Marshalltown  
LEHNUS, Kenneth O., Pfc, Raffe

### KANSAS

DUNLAP, Kenneth W., Pfc, Nickerson

### KENTUCKY

COLLINS, David, Pfc, Dunraven

### MASSACHUSETTS

BASIN, Joseph F., Jr., MSgt., Somerville  
COSTELLO, James C., Jr., Pfc, Pittsfield

### MINNESOTA

SEABLOOM, Conrad J., Corp., St. Paul

### MISSOURI

BRUCE, John F., Pfc, Hamilton

### NEW YORK

BATEMAN, Leroy R., Pfc, Buffalo  
SILK, James R., Pfc, Woodside

### PENNSYLVANIA

BARTOLI, Donald, Sgt., Tarentum  
LONG, Robert R., Corp., McKeesport

### RHODE ISLAND

WILHIDE, Edward J., SSgt., W. Warwick

### TEXAS

VICK, John S., Corp., San Antonio

### WISCONSIN

McCARSON, William S., Capt., Ashland

## MISSING IN ACTION

### FLORIDA

SMITH, Herbert D., Capt., St. Petersburg

### ILLINOIS

HOELZEL, Howard F., 2ndLt., Springfield

### TENNESSEE

MARKS, Delbert L., Pfc, Johnson City

### VERMONT

RICHARDSON, Judson C., Jr., Major, St. Johnsbury

### VIRGINIA

STILL, Richard L., 2ndLt., Alexandria

## WOUNDED

### ALABAMA

SULLIVAN, Harold, Pfc, Birmingham

### ARIZONA

CANEZ, Antonio O., Pfc, Tucson

### ARKANSAS

MARION, Jimmie D., Pfc, Van Buren

### CALIFORNIA

BARSALOUX, Robert L., Pfc, N. Hollywood  
BINGHAM, Carleton D., 2ndLt., San Diego  
COAN, Richard E., Pfc, San Bernardino  
FLACY, Ronald L., Pfc, Long Beach  
LAMAS, Mike, Pfc, Modesto  
LUCKENBACH, William H., Sgt., Los Angeles  
MARTIN, Gordon J., Pfc, San Bernardino  
TORREY, Jay K., 1stLt., Santa Barbara  
VALLEE, Robert A., Sgt., San Francisco

### COLORADO

DUNKER, Theodore J., Pfc, Steamboat Springs  
EVERSON, David E., Pfc, Denver  
LINES, George D., Corp., Denver  
MARRONE, Joseph, Jr., Corp., Denver  
REID, Gawn W., Corp., Baldwin Park

### CONNECTICUT

CHANDLER, Egbert H., Pfc, Bridgeport  
SIWANOWICZ, Paul, Pfc, Union City  
SOSIK, Nicholas, Corp., Bridgeport  
STABILE, Joseph J., Pfc, Bridgeport

### DELAWARE

THOMPSON, Lester H., Jr., Dover

### FLORIDA

DAVIS, Frank R., Corp., DeFuniak Springs  
SPOUSE, Fred T., Pfc, St. Petersburg

### GEORGIA

BARTLETT, Robert M., Sgt., Columbus  
MULLENNIX, Willie E., Pfc, LaGrange  
O'NEIL, Charles J., HM2, Savannah  
SANDERS, James A., Corp., Cedarstown  
SUMMERLIN, Joe T., Corp., Atlanta

### IDAHO

LUCE, Charles J., Pfc, Myrtle

### ILLINOIS

DOWNES, Edward T., Pfc, Alton  
HILL, Phillip D., Pfc, Granite City  
HORBACH, Theodore F., Pfc, Silvis  
NOLAN, Arthur A., Jr., Capt., Chicago  
SCHICK, Robert A., Pfc, Chicago

### INDIANA

LOYE, Mickey P., Pfc, Bloomington  
READER, Jack S., Pfc, Ft. Wayne  
SNYDER, Richard C., Pfc, Michigan City  
URBAN, Robert J., Pfc, S. Bend

### IOWA

BERNS, Vernon D., Pfc, Churdon  
ENRIGHT, Robert E., Pfc, Winterset  
KING, Donald A., Pfc, Ft. Dodge  
LOWE, Kenneth E., Pfc, Des Moines  
SNELLER, Martin, Pfc, Knoxville

### KANSAS

AICHELE, James E., 2ndLt., Pittsburg  
HORN, Gary R., Corp., Kansas City  
SCHWINDT, William A., Pfc, Topeka

### KENTUCKY

HOGUE, Robert T., Pfc, Danville

### LOUISIANA

ERNEST, Allan O., Jr., Pfc, Jefferson Parish  
FANK, Earl T., Pfc, New Orleans  
HALE, John A., Pfc, Vivian

### MAINE

O'BRIEN, James C., Pfc, Portland

### MARYLAND

MORRISON, Gene A., Pfc., Baltimore  
NINER, Francis R., Pfc, Towson  
PAGE, William H., Pfc, Baltimore

### MASSACHUSETTS

DONOVAN, Dennis P., Pfc, Arlington  
HIGGINS, William M., Pfc, Natick  
JEDZYNSKI, Thomas, Pfc, Dudley  
KEEFE, George H., Jr., Pfc, Randolph  
McDONOUGH, Patrick J., Pfc, S. Boston  
ROSE, William, Pfc, Greenfield

### MICHIGAN

PALMER, Harry G., Corp., Clio  
PARKER, George B., Capt., Coldwater  
STRONG, Lloyd W., Corp., Keego Harbor

### MINNESOTA

GANNON, John T., Sgt., Minneapolis  
HIBBARD, Chesley F., Corp., W. Alexandria  
ROBINSON, Jerald L., HN, Montevideo

### MISSISSIPPI

GOREE, Virgil, Sgt., Quitman

### MISSOURI

DOSS, Robert E., Pfc, St. Louis  
GRAF, David S., Pfc, Kansas City  
HOLLORAN, James M., Pfc, Maplewood  
WEED, Frank A., Pfc, Loclede  
ZAK, Frederick, Corp., St. Louis

### MONTANA

SKOVRON, Charles J., Corp., Great Falls

### NEBRASKA

GRIGGS, Donald D., Sgt., Hartington

### NEW JERSEY

ASCOUGH, Richard L., Pfc, Dover  
HECKER, James S., 1stLt., Vineland

### NEW MEXICO

GARCIA, Roman L., Pfc, Clayton  
MESA, Eddie V., Pfc, Hurley

### NEW YORK

BUTTS, Richard T., Pfc, Elmira Mts.  
PRESSIE, Francis J., HM3, Millwood  
GLUCKMAN, Philip R., Pfc, Bronx  
HART, Thomas J., Pfc, Yonkers  
KIMBALL, Frank S., Sgt., Brooklyn  
KLAN, Francis X., Corp., NYC  
LEDDY, James P., Pfc, Ossage Pk.  
LONG, Klag M., Corp., Tully  
McNALL, Walter J., Pfc, Cambridge  
O'CONNOR, Thomas G., Pfc, Bronx  
ROGERS, Richard C., Pfc, Oyster Bay  
ROMONCHUCK, John L., Sgt., NYC  
TRACEY, Francis W., Pfc, NYC

### NORTH CAROLINA

KELLEY, Robert J., Sgt., Wilmington

### OHIO

BELL, Frank M., Pfc, Barnesville  
BELL, Larry M., Corp., Cleveland  
BENEDICT, James L., Pfc, Dayton  
KRUFKA, David J., Pfc, Andover  
LAPEYER, Willie J. D., Pfc, Quaker City  
MYERS, Richard J., Pfc, Liberty Center  
VAUGHT, Raymond A., Pfc, Akron  
WATSON, Gilbert D., Pfc, Cambridge

### OKLAHOMA

TARVER, John D., Pfc, Tulsa

### OREGON

KELSEY, Paul N., Corp., Hermiston  
PACK, Lawrence R., Pfc, Dallas  
ROBINSON, Harold E., Sgt., Bend

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 76)

## MULLIGAN'S LAMP

[continued from page 43]

"Ah," said the Turk, "I am fees thees for you—I am chase theese bad lock."

"By th' saints an' I'd be obliged to ye if ye could—how much?"

"Feefty-nine cents," said the Turk.

"Fifty-nine cents?" asked Mulligan.

"I have hear," said the Turk authoritatively, "that everything in America ees cost fifty-nine cents. Ees come day when I am go to America; weel need feefty-nine cents. I sell you lamp of Aladdin."

"An' what'll I be doin' with a lamp? Sure an' if ye've a fine searchlight wi' batteries I'll be makin' a deal wi' ye ... but a lamp..."

"I got right here," said the Turk, "Ees wonderful theeng to have..."

From beneath his blouse the Turk drew a small, urn-like, oil lamp. It was corroded and filthy.

"What are ye takin' me fer—one o' them there stoopid tourists? Kape yer old, worn-out lamp!"

Mike's elbow was suddenly pushed forward, spilling his coffee. He glanced back and saw his little imp prodding him with a long forked stick. "Git lost, ye vermin-tainted beast!" he shouted.

"I show you how lamp work..." the Turk was saying. "You rub him on side..."

Suddenly the imp's face twisted in horror and he scurried away into a pile of rocks. "By all th' kisses o' th' Blarney Stone, I'd niver o' believed it! Th' little villian is after being scared o' somethin'..."

"You buy? Feefty-nine cents," asked the Turk.

"Huh?" asked the preoccupied Mulligan. "What's that yer jabberin' about?"

"The lamp. You buy? Feefty-nine cents."

"Sure, 'n what good'll it do me?"

"You take, Rub," said the Turk handing the lamp to Mike.

Mike took the lamp and rubbed it half-heartedly. "Faith an' it'd take a deal o' rubbin' t' be makin' th' thing presentable fer a parlor table..." Mulligan's hands seemed to freeze on the lamp. "What in th' name o' all th' saints is that!"

"You see heem?" asked the Turk.

Before Mulligan stood a little black man, wearing red silk trousers, pointed shoes that curled up at the toes, and a turban. He was bare from the waist up and carried a vicious little dagger in his sash.

"Master, I am here to do your bidding," he said in a thin cultured voice.

"Where'd he come from?" asked Mulligan of the Turk. "Tis blasted witchcraft yer pullin' on me!"



"He ees genie," said the Turk. "Avery time you are rub the lamp he ees come to do whatever you weesh. Go 'head, ask heem."

"Nothin'd please me so much as a bottle o' good old Irish whiskey..."

There was a phosphorescent blast which blinded Mike Mulligan. When he opened his eyes the bottle of whiskey stood before him and the genie was gone. Mike pulled the cork and gulped an Irishman's swallow. The stuff was real!

"How do ye make the little black man come back?" asked Mulligan.

"Avery time you rub lamp genie appear. You buy lamp—feefty-nine cents?"

Mulligan's mind was pitching and tossing and he was getting a few fine ideas about what he could do with the lamp. He realized that his little leprechaun was afraid of the genie!

"An' there's no catch to th' deal?"

"No. Ees very simple. Whoever rubs the lamp becomes the master of the genie."

"Sold!" said Mulligan. "Here's yer fifty-nine cents, but ye'd better be sellin' a lot more lamps if yer goin' to America..."

Mulligan guarded the lamp jealously. The genie's presence kept the leprechaun at a safe distance and Mike was able to drive a path half way across Korea, and single-handedly clobber Commies on all sides.

Mike would send his genie out to find snipers or patrols and the unseen little black man would remove the pins from the rifles. When Mike had the pins safely stowed in his pocket he would attack.

Actually Mike was trying to find his own outfit but he was traveling in the wrong direction. All the while he was gathering a reputation as the wild Irishman who traveled alone and was winning the war without help.

General Blowgun Fitzbore heard of his exploits. "The man's another Smedley Butler," he said. "Return him to Headquarters, we must decorate him!"

Five patrols shoved off and one of them finally found Mulligan all alone in a draw with thirty-four dead Reds—and a case of Irish whiskey. The barrel on Mike's rifle was still hot, Mike hadn't been touched, but he was out cold—he had finished off three fifths from the case.

Mike spent a few leisurely weeks waiting for a replacement and then sailed Stateside to receive the decorations. He kept the lamp inside his blouse and rubbed it for everything he wanted. The genie never failed him.

In Washington he put on his blues and tried to find a place in the uniform to stow the lamp. Wherever he tucked it a huge bulge appeared. "Faith, an' 'twouldn't be right fer me t' be appearin' at th' parade with a lump in me uniform," he told himself. "I'll put it in a paper bag an' leave th' thing in the automobile they're sendin' fer me."

The ceremonies fell on March 17th; Mike was wearing green skivvies since there was no place on his blue uniform for a shamrock. There were colonels, lieutenant colonels, majors and an array of brass from other countries represented in the United Nations. General Blowgun Fitzbore was making a speech about Mike's daring exploits without regard for personal safety and his magnificent single handed attacks.

Suddenly in the midst of the formal ceremony there appeared a complete set-up of celebration fireworks. There were rockets, huge pinwheels, a set piece called "The Eruption of Vesuvius," thousands of firecrackers and a few hundred bombs. All of them seemed to be going off at the same time, but in the middle of the tremendous din and blinding flashes Mulligan caught a glimpse of the little black genie with a tiny torch running around setting off a second round. Mike shouted but his voice was lost in the havoc.

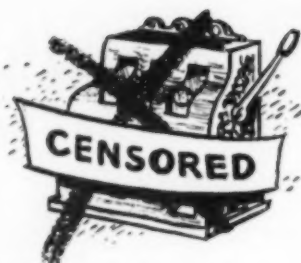
Then he spotted the microphone which the general had been using. Perched on top was Mulligan's leprechaun with a broad grin on his face—and he was rubbing the lamp... **END**

## CLUB LEJEUNE

[continued from page 29]

instances, they caused financial hardship to individuals and families. The rebuttal has it that the slots' removal has caused the club to raise its prices. Regardless of the pros and cons, it is doubtful if the "one arm bandits" will ever see the interior of another service club—at least in the United States.

Club affairs and activities are taken seriously by the members of the Camp Lejeune Staff NCO Club. Any movement put before the Board of Governors or a general meeting is usually heavily questioned. (This is another reason why the club has progressed so far in a period of less than ten years.)



In June of 1944, for example, the net worth of the establishment was \$15,697.52—hardly a puddle in the bucket compared to the present figures. Wages for club workers have climbed too. In 1945, no Marine employed by the club could be paid a salary in excess of \$50 a month. Last year the lowest rate of pay for a full shift at night was \$7.50.

Another reason the club has prospered is the fact that the Commanding Generals at Camp Lejeune have been very receptive to requests made by club officers. Part of the credit is due to the efforts of Major Frank L. Churchville, who acts as a representative for the club on propositions that require the consideration of the Commanding General.

Located in a place where the best that can be said for the entertainment facilities in the area is that they are strictly limited, the Lejeune club has more than fulfilled its purpose. The Corps' old-timers, and newcomers, go there to swap their sea stories over cold ale. Their wives appreciate the club's hospitality, too. It's the best place to go in Camp Lejeune if you're interested in learning how much the Joneses paid for their second-hand Chevvy.

END

## MAIL CALL

[continued from page 15]

Mrs. Mamie V. Fairfield, 1306 Quitman, Houston 9, Tex., wishes to hear from anyone who served with her son, Sgt. Jake R. Richardson, Jr., "H" Co., 3rd Bn., 7th Marines, 1st Mar. Div., reported killed Sept. 12, 1951, in Korea.

Pfc Robert J. O'Reilly, USS Franklin D. Roosevelt (CVB 42), C/O FPO, N. Y., N. Y., wishes to contact Pfc Earl J. Phipps or any members of Platoons 16 or 17 who went through Boot Camp at San Diego in 1950.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Cotton, 624 W. 24th St., San Pedro, Calif., would like to hear from anyone who served with their son, Corp. William E. Cotton, reported killed Sept. 27, 1951, while serving in Korea with "H" Co., 3rd Bn., 5th Marines, 1st Mar. Div.

Raymond H. Clapper, 190 W. Elbert St., Indianapolis, Ind., wishes to hear from anyone who served with his son, Pvt. Norman H. Clapper, "H" Co., 3rd Bn., 5th Marines, 1st Mar. Div., reported killed Dec. 2, 1950.

Miss Peggy Kasterko, 519 Columbia Alley, Johnstown, Pa., wishes to hear from anyone who knew her brother, Pfc Walter F. Kasterko, "A" Co., 1st Bn., 7th Marines, 1st Mar. Div., reported missing in action Dec. 2, 1950.

Mrs. Elizabeth Grauman, 3800 Irving Pk. Rd., Chicago 18, Ill., would like to contact anyone who served with her son, Corp. William Grauman, "B" Co., 1st Bn., 7th Marines, 1st Mar. Div.

David M. Steindler, 265 Beechurst Ave., Morgantown, W. Va., would like to contact SSgt. Francis Ehrenreich or anyone knowing his present whereabouts.

SSgt. Guy M. Harper, 6th Trng. Bn., Parris Island, S. C., wishes to hear from SSgt. Dillard I. Hicks or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

Pfc Gene A. Dickey, USMCR, 2513 Altrua Ave., Montrose, Calif., wishes to hear from Pfc Marcus C. Bosquez, or anyone knowing his present whereabouts.

Mrs. James A. Morton, 1673 Kendale Ave., Memphis, Tenn., wishes to hear from anyone who served with her husband, SSgt. James A. Morton, reported missing in action July 29, 1951.

Mrs. Flossie Isaacs, 2468 Cudahy St., Huntington Park, Calif., wishes to hear from anyone who served with Pfc Alfred Pechin, reported killed Sept. 11, 1951, at Songnae-dong.

Mrs. Wayne Hollar, Route 1, Fredericktown, Ohio, wishes to hear from anyone who served with her son, Pfc Ivan L. Hollar, "A" Co., 1st Bn., 5th Marines, 1st Mar. Div., reported missing in action Oct. 5, 1951.

Pfc Johnny Alley, H&S Co., 1st Amphib. Trac. Bn., C/O FPO San Francisco, Calif., would like to hear from Oscar W. Hammond, believed to be serving aboard the USS New Jersey, or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

Mrs. Jean Cima, 669 East 14 Nale Rd., Clawson, Mich., wishes to hear from Marines who served with her husband, SSgt. John A. Cima, reported killed in Korea June 10, 1951. She is particularly anxious to hear from members of his platoon. SSgt. Cima served with "C" Co., 2nd Plt., 1st Bn., 1st Marines, 1st Mar. Div.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 77)

## CASUALTIES

[continued from page 74]

### PENNSYLVANIA

ANDREWS, James J., Pfc, Plymouth  
BAUMGARDNER, Gary W., Pfc, Lewiston  
SONCZEWSKI, Leonard L., Pfc, Plymouth  
DAZE, Louis E., Capt., Fort Fort  
KNAUF, William G., Capt., Philadelphia  
McCAULEY, John F., Pfc, Philadelphia  
RANKIN, William M., Major, Pittsburgh  
SIGMUND, Louis J., Pfc, Philadelphia

### RHODE ISLAND

QUINN, John E., Corp., Providence

### SOUTH CAROLINA

BAKER, Thomas F., Sgt., Camden  
CASEY, Douglas A., MSgt., Pelzer

### SOUTH DAKOTA

AMEN, Harold D., Corp., Belle Fourche

### TENNESSEE

THOMPSON, Dick W., Pfc, Memphis

### TEXAS

ALLENSWORTH, Raymond M., Capt., Dallas  
BROWN, Billy A., Pfc, Houston  
HOLTZ, Glen G., Corp., Coleman  
JORDAN, Chester J., Pfc, San Antonio  
LEWIS, Donald L., Pfc, Cleburne  
McCOMBER, Raymond R., Pfc, Lubbock  
YOUNG, David C., Pfc, Wichita Falls

### VERMONT

MacDONALD, John W., Pfc, Bellows Falls

### VIRGINIA

MARTIN, Grover T., 2nd Lt., Roanoke

### WASHINGTON

COLBY, Clifford D., Pfc, Seattle  
FOWLER, Robert D., Pfc, Payallup  
McCLANAHAN, Arlan D., Pfc, Valleyford  
SHENFIELD, Daniel B., Pfc, Tacoma

### WEST VIRGINIA

MITCHELL, Ancil A., Jr., Sgt., Charleston

### WISCONSIN

DICKIE, Louis R., Sgt., Oshkosh  
HOOTMAN, Ronald J., HM3, Neenah  
RINEHART, Marvin D., Pfc, Ogema

### WYOMING

HADLEY, Russell M., Pfc, Green River

END

## ROME

[continued from page 35]

dates back to the time of the Roman Empire when it was a part of the orchards of Sallustiani, a leisure retreat of the Roman emperors. Following a financial crisis, the entire property was sold to a group of banks and private individuals, the largest share being held by the Bank of Italy. In 1900, King Victor Emmanuel III purchased the buildings and grounds as a place for his mother, Queen Margherita. In 1929, King Emmanuel sold the entire property, with the exception of Palazzo Margherita. In 1931, the United States Government purchased all the property except Palazzo Margherita from the Confederation of Farmers. And, on August 3, 1946, the U. S. was able to buy the palace; thus coming into possession of all the grounds and buildings which now comprise the Embassy Compound.

Like most American tourists, the Marines who report for duty in Rome spend their first few days wandering in the midst of an atmosphere which sug-

gests intrigue, romance, and ancient history. Once he's oriented, the Marine loses no time in seeking out the Colosseum, fabulous battleground of the early Roman gladiators. And, as he stands within the crumbling ruins of this colossal amphitheater, he finds himself catapulted back to the days when the greatest show on earth was staged by man versus beast.

If the Marine's combat instincts are aroused by his visit to the once bloody Colosseum, they are just as quickly subdued by the towering presence of St. Peter's Cathedral. Majestic beyond comprehension, the cathedral serves its ecclesiastical purpose by admitting hundreds of troubled worshippers to its sanctum—then discharging them with new-found peace and contentment.

When a Marine leaves for State Department duty in Rome, he takes along his sense of humor and a two-year supply of patience. The patience is put to use the first time he steps inside an Italian cafe.

Dining in Rome can be a pleasant experience—if you have at least an hour and a half to dawdle over your serving. When they have the time, most of the Embassy Marines prefer to patronize a small sidewalk cafe called Mario's. Here they get Stateside help-

ings, salad, cheese, and Italian pastry or strawberries. The meal is concluded by a cup of Espresso—the indescribable Italian version of coffee. Marines have long been noted for their ability to consume coffee, whether it be strong, weak, or indifferent. But few Marines have been known to send their waiter back to the kitchen for a second cup of Espresso. They would rather order another bottle of easy-to-take red wine.

A substantial meal in Rome costs a Marine 1500 lire (about \$2.50.) If he eats in one of the better class cafes, the price may quickly double. The management goes out of its way to accommodate the customers with little courtesies—like figuring up the amount of tip you are expected to pay, and including it in your regular bill. The Marines appreciate this service so much that they usually leave an extra five or ten percent tip on the table.

Wandering minstrels, playing squeeze boxes and violins, also do their best to entertain the guest while he's dining. Sometimes, when they spot an American, they attempt to favor him with their interpretation of Stateside music. But, as yet, the Marines have not been overly impressed. They say there are better antidotes for indigestion.

If a Marine buys a car or motorcycle while he's in Rome, he immedi-

TURN PAGE

## MAIL CALL

[continued from page 76]

William L. Keys, P. O. Box 478, Hayward, Calif., would like to hear from William Vargo and William Bell who served with the 1st Amphibious Corps in 1943, or anyone knowing their whereabouts. He also wishes information on Pfc William Oron Klaser of the same unit.

Corp. John A. Watkinson, M.B., N.O.B., Norfolk, Va., wishes to hear from Corp. R. C. Williams, Corp. S. B. Davis, Corp. D. D. Trowbridge, Corp. B. T. Turner or anyone who served with "H" Co., 3rd Bn., 1st Marines, in Korea during the period of Sept., 1950, to May, 1951.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Springsteen, 67 Union St., Montclair, N. J., wish to contact any Marines who served with their son, Pfc Myron H. Springsteen, reported killed in Korea Sept. 3, 1950, while serving with the 5th Marines, 1st Mar. Div.

Rear Admiral Ruppert M. Zimmerli, USN (Retired), wishes to contact anyone who served in the platoon of 2nd Lt. Robert D. Reem when he was reported killed near the Chosin power plant Nov. 6, 1950. Lt. Reem served with "H" Co., 3rd Bn., 7th Marines, 1st Mar. Div.

TURN PAGE



"Some of the fellows brought him back from that last Mediterranean cruise!"

Leatherneck Magazine

**ROME (cont.)**

ately becomes a prospective customer for a lawyer and comprehensive insurance. Few Marines have been able to interpret, understand, or obey Rome traffic laws, despite the fact that Italian courts have issued some marvelously clear explanations—through court judgments and fines. One Marine, who had the misfortune of colliding with an Italian motorist at an intersection, came out on the short end of a tape measure. A traffic cop, called in to survey the accident, found that the radiator cap on the Italian car protruded a couple of inches farther across the intersection than the Marine's auto, thereby establishing the fact that the Italian car had started first—and consequently was blameless.

The Marines eventually learn that the safest way to travel in Rome is by a horse-drawn, meter-equipped carriage. (Italian law gives carriages the right-of-way over other vehicles.) But Marines will never learn how to decipher those meters. Only the aged Italian drivers who coax their horses to move from one spot to another can do that.

At present the Marines have no appointed home in Rome. As a result,

most of them are billeted in hotel rooms which cost about \$25 a week with bath and maid service. When their monthly bills arrive, the Marines find them interesting and a challenge to their imagination. The bill itself may measure almost a foot and a half in length, filled with the management's calculations, interpretations, and estimations. But the real kick comes when the recipient tries to justify the total amount. It wouldn't be so hard if such items as *Imposta entrata* (government tax), *Percentuale servizio* (gratuities), *Rimborso spese* (reimbursement) and *Bollo quietanza* (receipt stamp) didn't figure into the final tally.

Although the Marines and the local citizenry have their natural differences, the Marines soon learn to appreciate the Italian way of easy living. They can see the logic in knocking off work for two or three hours in the afternoon for a *siesta*. And they go along with the Italian's idea of a gay evening; sitting at a sidewalk cafe, sipping vino, and commenting on the pretty girls as they pass by.

The Italian, on the other hand, admires the Marine for his sense of humor. He respects him also for the simple fact that he's a Marine, with

almost two centuries of fighting tradition behind him. And finally, there is mutual admiration expressed in regard to an individual's capacity for wine. Although no Marine has yet reached national prominence in Italy by reason of being able to drink a native under the table, some have come admirably close.

Fortunately, there has been a meeting of the minds between the Marines and Italians in regard to most subjects with the possible exception of one. The Americans find it a ticklish, and sometimes embarrassing, problem when they are asked to explain why they have so much money. It is unlikely that the Marines will ever be able to satisfactorily explain this situation to their Italian counterpart—who is given something like \$16 and four packs of cigarettes for his month's work.

Still, in the interests of international good-will—and security—the Marines continue to perform their job with a minimum of international friction.

In fact, they ask nothing more than to stand their regular watches, sip wine with the agreeable sidewalk cafe patrons—and play the game of Roman customs with some attractive Italian girl. **END**

END



Leatherneck Magazine

#### MAIL CALL (cont.)

Miss Loretta Griffin, Box 5092, Mayodan, N.C., would like to hear from Corp. Eugene Sanders who served with the 2nd Mar. Div., Camp Lejeune, N.C., in 1948-49 or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

Mrs. Rose Forsgren Decker, 2511 N. Webster St., Portland, Ore., wishes to hear from friends of her son, Pfc Eugene R. Forsgren, reported killed at Majon-ni, Korea, Nov. 2, 1950, while serving with "H" Co., 3rd Bn., 1st Marines, 1st Mar. Div.

Charles E. Gentry, 389 Watson St., Danville, Va., would like to hear from Gregory "Pappy" Boyington and any pilots who served under him during WW II.

Mrs. Anne K. Farrell, 329 Baldinger, Houston 11, Tex., wishes to hear from anyone who served with her son, Pfc John S. Gentry, "D" Co., 2nd Bn., 7th Marines, 1st Mar. Div., reported missing in action Nov. 28, 1950.

Sgt. James J. Durkin, 4-10-M, 2nd Mar. Div., Camp Lejeune, N.C., wishes to hear from buddies who went through boot camp with him in Platoon 46, 2nd Bn., MCRD, Parris Island, S.C. **END**

## SOUND OFF

[continued from page 12]

most Marine Corps stations are a good distance from large cities, off-base liberty is limited.

In conclusion, the only difference between serving your country in civilian life and in the service, being a woman, is the fact that you will be performing your duties in a uniform and be governed by a military code.

My best wishes for your happiness, Kathleen.

Sincerely,

Corp. Rita C. Seigler  
WMD-2, MCAS

Cherry Point, N. C.

\* \* \*

Dear Miss Kathleen McAllister:

Should you join the Women Marines?

By all means if you truly desire to do so. Don't let the threat of a bad reputation scare you out.

When I first returned to the "States" in July, 1945 after 28 months of overseas duty I was stationed at Mare Island, California for several months. I got to know quite a few of the girls there and can truthfully say they were a good group of young women.



It is very regrettable that when a few individuals of an organization such as the Marine Corps lose their moral standards it reflects on each and every member of the Corps. However, this can happen in civilian life as well as in the service.

There is no use in pulling punches. If you enlist in the Marines or any other branch of the service you will constantly be meeting that element that has no respect for a woman of high virtue, but I have confidence that you have what it takes to fight it and keep your good reputation and that of the Marine Corps.

I have always been an admirer of the Women Marines and it is a real joy to me to hear good reports from their branch of the Corps.

Loren F. Priest  
RR #5

Chippewa Falls, Wis.

END



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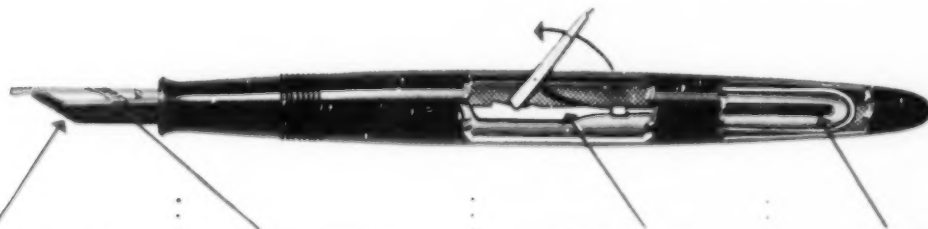
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